THE ERECTION COLLECTION

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8 ILLUSTRATED SHORT STORIES CALCULATED TO TURN YOU ON

FOR ADULTS ONLY

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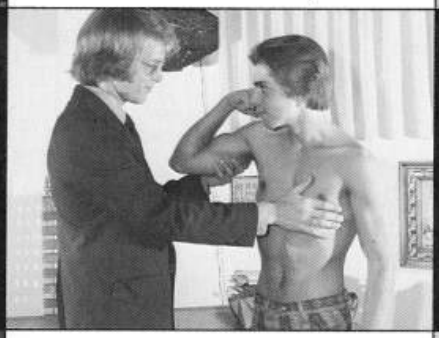

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Sale is restricted to adults where permitted by law.

YOUNG SALES MAN

I needed this job and really wanted to make it work for me. You see, there's this guy who's been keeping me . . . I hate to use that word but there just isn't any other one that will do—I was being KEPT!

It was all okay at first, he'd suck my cock dry two or three times a day. I loved that. I can just never get enough sex! Actually, it was all right at the end, too. I didn't even mind making out with all his friends. To tell the truth, I enjoyed it! I loved all those hot, wet mouths and tight, damp assholes sucking all the slick spunk out of my big rammer!

It's just that, well, have you ever felt USELESS?! That's the way I'd started feeling, like anything I wanted I had to ask for. I felt like I wasn't really getting anywhere or wouldn't until I got out on my own. Oh, I know I could have hustled and made lots of money. I'm what you call versatile! That means I'll suck and get fucked with the best of 'em. I like it, too. No doubt about that! But, I figured that would be just like what I was already doing. My stiff prick had been earning my living for too long now and I wanted to give it a rest! You know what I mean, a guy can't depend on his looks forever! Or even his hot mouth and tight asshole!

Big Jim . . . the guy who's keeping me . . . just laughed when I told him that I wanted to go out and get a job. He asked what the hell did I think I could do besides suck and get sucked and fuck and get fucked. Now, that made me MAD! I told him I'd sure show him what I could do and asked him for a twenty so I could have lunch money and bus fare and like that. He smiled at me and said as long as I wanted to earn my keep to get down on my knees and earn it! I mean, what's a guy to do? Besides he sure does have a beautiful, big, hard t··ol that spurts out a lot of good, not cum! I never could turn down a quickie anyway!

Well, after looking for three days the only thing I could find was this job selling vacuum cleaners on commission. I really didn't want to do it at first, but the guy there kept smiling at me and telling me that a good-looking dude like me should be able to do real good. Finally I decided to give it a try. I guess I should have looked a little longer. For the first week I

didn't even get close to selling anything! Big Jim was giving me a hard time too, you see, I had to borrow his car to make my rounds. He told me he was glad to loan it to me but unless I made a sale at the end of this week he thought I should junk the whole idea. I was beginning to agree with him!

I had just decided to tell those guys that I couldn't hack it anymore that Friday when the top salesman came over to me before the sales meeting and asked me if I would mind calling on a few people for him. It seems that he'd made some appointments for the day but he and his wife had decided to go out of town to visit his mother, who was sick. I told him sure, that I would be glad to! He smiled a big grin at me and told me that he knew it would be right up my alley, since all the calls he was going to make were in boys' town!

I just stood and stared at him. Now, I know damn well that boys' town is where all the gay guys live. I've been over to the section enough times visiting Big Jim's friends. He just grinned at me again and was gone! I sat there wondering what he meant by that crack about right up my alley!

After the meeting I went out on the first of his appointments. This was to some longhair, named Larry's, place. He seemed to be really excited when he answered the door, looking me over from head to toe, I mean REALLY friendly! He invited me in and sat on the couch. He smiled at me, called me Jerry, and told me that his friend, who had set up the appointment, had already told him how good I was! That's when it all hit me! That son-of-a-bitch, Jerry, was letting these guys suck his cock to make all those sales! I almost told him that he had the wrong guy and that my name was Gino, not Jerry, and that I was just filling in for him so he AND HIS WIFE could go out of town, but I stopped myself. Why mess up the guy's sales pitch, I figured.

So, I just ended up telling him that I was Gino and filling in for Jerry for the day. That cooled him off, but quick. He sat back on that couch and told me to get on with my demonstration! I worked my butt off showing him how that machine worked. I practically damn near cleaned his whole house! Then, I figured what the hell, if Jerry can do it SO CAN I!

I pushed the big tube of the vacuum up against my crotch just like it was a giant-sized cock and gave it a couple of humps. Now THAT made Larry really sit up and take notice! He gulped, ran his hand up the length of that tube and sort of meekly asked me how the thing worked. I don't pass up opportunities like that, no sir! I grabbed his head and pressed it against my cock and told him he was going to find out JUST how it operated! He had my cock out of my pants and in his mouth in less than a second! Man! Could that kid give head! He was the hottest little fucker I've had swinging on my hot rod in a long, long time! I nearly creamed when he slipped those hot lips of his over my dick! I told him he'd better hold off or I'd blast so hard I'd blow his brains out! That turned the little fucker on even more! He went wild, sucking me off and practically tearing my clothes off at the same time!

Now, I love it when I'm naked. I love to stand over some dude without a stitch on and feed him every inch of my big, hot, hard, fuck rod! That's what I did with this kid. He kept trying to get his own clothes off but I just kept pumping the hot meat to him! He finally managed to get his shirt off and his pants open. He would start working on his big rod while he was sucking mine. I LOVE that. It really makes my mouth water! I couldn't resist. I pulled his pants off and went to work with my mouth! His dick throbbed in my throat like it hadn't unloaded its

big wad in a year! He humped my face like he'd lost his mind! That just about set me off, too! I was horny as hell, anyway. Big Jim hadn't really been giving me too much attention since I'd been working and I really wanted to blast out a load of hot cum! Things had been so bad, in fact, that I'd even had to jack-off a couple of times! That's something I haven't done since I moved in with Big Jim over three years ago! I have to confess that I have been getting a little head on the side at this men's room at the movie theater. I sure have been seeing a lot of movies recently!

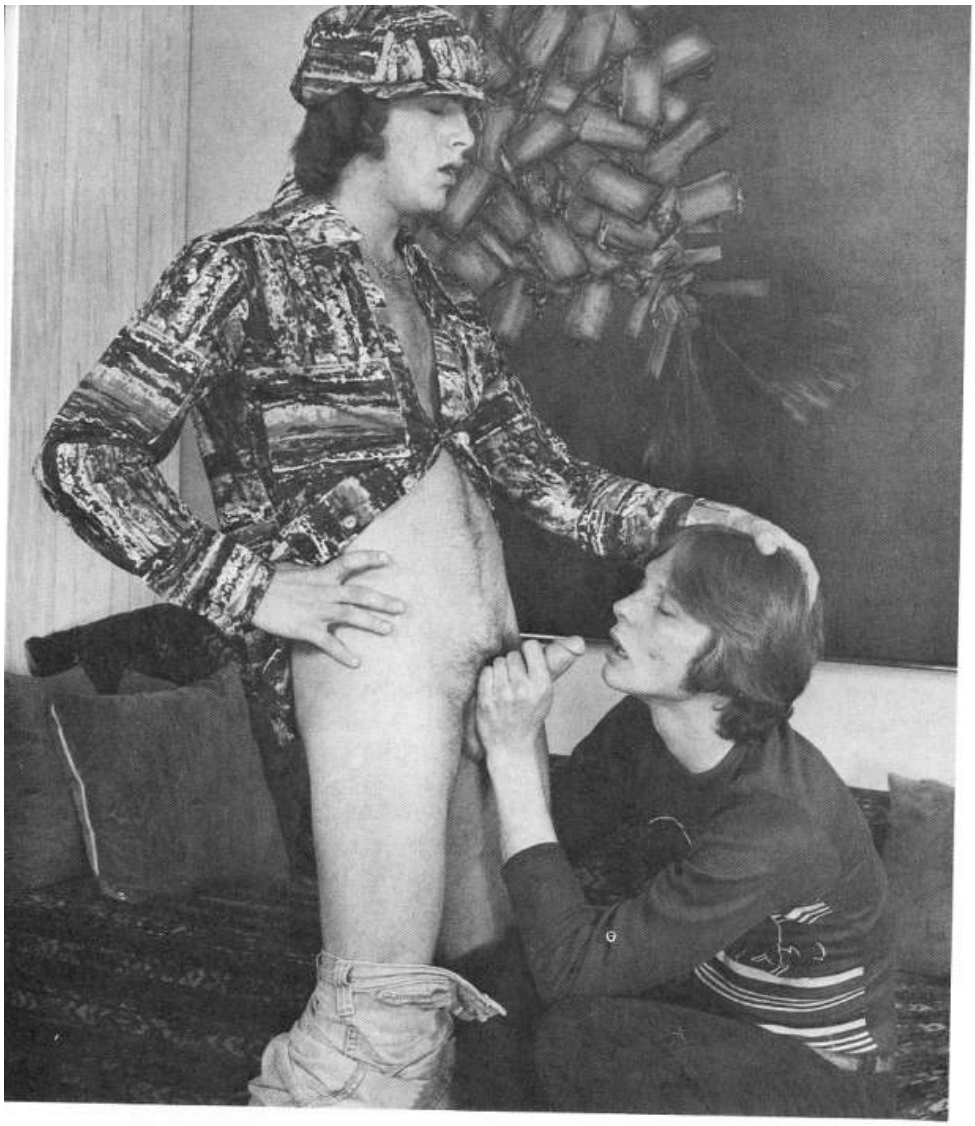
Right now, I sure didn't have to worry about that! That kid was working on my cock like he was starved for it! And I wanted to give it to him! I was working on his big, stiff cock just as hard as he was working on mine, too! I could tell he was close. He was trembling like he was going to die! Finally, he couldn't take it anymore. He pulled his mouth off of my aching cock and begged me to really fuck the shit out of him! I didn't need to be asked twice, I'll tell you! I drug that kid up on the couch and rammed my fuck rod in him as far as it would go, plowing that hot, tight asshole just as fast and as hard as I could! I still didn't get it far enough in for him! He pulled it out, pushed me back on the couch and did it himself! He sat on my dripping dick so he could get it in as deep as he wanted it.

Now, I can't take that action long. That kid pushed back on my dick and I pushed up into his ass. That was all it took. I BLASTED! I don't mean I just shot-off, I FUCKING BLASTED! I must have pumped a gallon of cum in that kid's guts! He went wild! Panting like a son-of-a-bitch! That's all he needed, too! He didn't even shoot himself. My big cock fucking his guts was enough to satisfy him! It sure was enough to satisfy me, too!

You guessed it! He was SOLD! He bought a cleaner so fast, after I'd cleaned out his ass with my hot cum load, and made me so happy that I was almost ready to fuck him again! Not only did he pay me cash but he even turned me on to a couple of other leads and told me that if I went through a demonstration like the one I'd given him that I'd make a sale for sure!

I went out of that house as happy as a lark! I mean, just the commission on that sale was over a hundred dollars! It was going to work, I was SURE of it! That's when it first hit me, I guess. I was doing exactly the same thing I was doing with Big Jim, living off my COCK! It was making all the money. I knew I was better than that, so I decided to make a few of my own calls, not in boys' town, before I covered the other ones for Jerry. I was determined to sell something besides my cock!

No matter how determined I was to sell something, the people I called on were just as determined NOT to buy anything. They won, of course! I crawled back in Big Jim's car, lugging the cleaner behind me. Boy, was I ever discouraged! I was horny, too! Larry's hot mouth and asshole were great but his quivering cock had made me want to do more than just get my own nuts off. I knew I had three options. I could jack-off again by just pulling into a filling station and really giving my cock a workout with my fist in the men's room. But, I knew that wouldn't really do me any good. Larry had done that and it didn't help. I could take off for the afternoon and go see another movie. That would do it for me, that's for sure! I could suck cock and get fucked there all I wanted. Those



guys get one look at my hot body and they are ready for anything! The last of my options, of course, was to make it on back to boys' town and call on the other appointments that Jerry had set up.

I thought about it for a while, then decided that, what the hell, as long as I'm this hot I may as well make some money while I'm getting it on! I dug in my appointment book and pulled out the name and address from Jerry. By the time I pulled up in front of that house my cock was going like a jackhammer in my pants. I didn't know if I'd be able to get to the door before I pulled it out and let my new client go to work on it! I sure was hoping that he had a huge, hard tool for me to work on, too!

When the door opened, there stood a little old lady about sixty! That really floored me! She smiled and invited me in. I did the demonstration. She was very nice, offered me coffee and cookies and then bought it! She told me that it was for her grandson, who she was staying with for a couple of weeks. That was why I had some dude's name down on my book! She paid me cash, too! Then she mentioned that he had set up the appointment when he'd heard how nice the salesman was from a friend of his. She shook her head, adding that this friend seemed like a nice enough chap. That's what she called him, a CHAP! But, she told me in sort of a whisper that to her he'd always seemed a little funny! I almost broke up right then. Again, she smiled and thanked me for being such a nice young man. Then she cooed that it was going to be such a nice surprise for her grandson. He'd originally set the appointment for next week! BUT, she'd called in to change it! She wanted to surprise him! Her grandson had seemed to be so enthusiastic about the vacuum, although why he wanted a new one she couldn't understand, his other one was less than a year old and seemed to work just fine! She clucked again as she closed the door behind me, muttering that she never would understand this younger generation.

I couldn't hold it any longer. As soon as the door was closed, I broke up! Was it EVER going to be a surprise for that guy! Here he was hoping for some hot cock and got a vacuum! I did make a note to come back to see if he could use any extra parts. It was the least I could do, right?

Now I really felt good. I finally sold a cleaner without having to use my cock! Of course, that sure didn't help the condition of my stiff fuck meat and that was the only other appointment Jerry had down for the day. The extra hundred felt good but I wanted my cock to feel good, too! I decided that the only thing to do was see a movie! That is, until the names and addresses that Larry had given me fell out of my appointment book. I looked at them. The first place was only a few blocks away! I squeezed my cock through my pants. It answered with a big, hot throb in my hand. I turned on the car and took off for that address.

I climbed the stairs of a really swank building. I only had time to ring the bell once before this kid pulled it open. I almost fell over. He was younger than I was! He smiled and invited me in, telling me that Larry had called him and told him how good the *service*

was. He said *service* really funny. I sort of gave him this look, then unpacked the machine and commented on how super his place was. I added that it really surprised me since he was so young. He just gave me a weak smile and said that he had been left a lot of money by his parents when they were killed in a plane crash. I frowned and told him I was sorry. He waved that remark off, adding that he wasn't. They really didn't get along, he said. He didn't like them and they didn't like him. It was just that they had no one else to leave it all to. He shrugged.

I felt kind of silly, so I started my demonstration. He held up his hand to stop me. I stopped. He took a deep breath and told me he'd buy the machine. BUT, that wasn't the kind of demonstration he was interested in! I knew just what he meant! I sat on the couch with him, opened up my sales book and asked him which model he wanted. He pulled the book out of my hand, pointed to the most expensive one and told me to send him that one, complete with all the accessories. I almost fell over! The commission on that was over two hundred and fifty dollars! I asked him how I could thank him. Dumb question! He didn't say a word, but pulled me over and grabbed me in a big hug and deep, hot kiss. My cock popped up in my pants so fast it almost scared me!

Finally he broke away and told me that if I really wanted to thank him with a kiss, he had something else I sure could kiss! I had the zipper on his fly open in a split second and was working on his huge, hard cock. He must have been giving his friend Larry lessons! He really rammed that cock home in my throat. That fucker humped my face like crazy! I loved it! My mouth got the fucking of its life! That wasn't enough for him. I had an idea it wouldn't be! He reached down and grabbed a big handful of my hot, aching dick and started working it back and forth in his hand. I had to make him stop! That drooling rammer of mine couldn't take too much of that and I knew I'd shoot-off in my pants! I couldn't ruin my selling clothes!

He had a simple answer. He stripped me! I thought he'd never think of it! Boy, do I LOVE to get naked! He stripped, too. I LOVE that, too. Some good-looking, young dude really eating my cock, stark-naked, working on his own rod, really gets to me! That's exactly what this guy was doing. I was humping his face like there was no tomorrow! There's something else I like just as well as all that, a fast, hot sixty-nine! You

guessed it, I pulled his ass up on that couch so fast that it took him totally off guard. I plunged that big, hand-hardened dick in my open waiting throat and went to work on that sexy stud!

That still wasn't what he wanted! I guess his friend Larry had told him how I'd fucked the shit

out of him. That was exactly what this guy wanted, too! His asshole was twitching and dripping like it was on fire. I decided to help it along. I ran my finger in that tight, little puckerhole as far as I could send it. That guy sounded like he was going to cum right then! I knew what he wanted! I climbed on his ass and gave it to him!

I wasn't a second too soon. I'd just rammed it in all the way when he blasted a big load of hot cum all over my belly. He screamed and groaned and moaned like he was going to die. I have never seen a guy cum that much! I thought that little fucker was going to DROWN me! BUT, I LOVED IT!!

All that hot cum all over me sure didn't do my own throbbing, aching cock a bit of good, though! I really wanted to go off, badly now! I rammed in him as far as I could. He screamed and pulled it out. He told me he just couldn't take it after he shot. I was going wild! I had to cum! I started begging him to let me fuck him. He slid down and took my tool in his throat, without even washing it or anything! He knew how close I was. I should have been sick at the thought of that, but I wasn't. In fact, it turned me on EVEN MORE! I couldn't hold back. I filled that guy's hot, sucking mouth with my cum. He loved it. He sucked in every drop and begged for more! I was just so drained I couldn't even answer him!

While I was trying to get my breath, he hopped up and made us some coffee. He sat back down on the couch with it and smiled at me. Finally, he reached over and gripped me on the thigh. He looked right into my eyes and asked me why I fooled with the cleaners at all, saying that I should just sell it by the inch! I told him that I didn't hustle! He smiled at me over his coffee, cleared his throat and told me it was really all the same thing. Then he led me over to his closet and showed me a huge stack of useless stuff like books, records, magazines and even TWO vacuum cleaners! He turned around and smiled, then shrugged his shoulders, then said to me that it was all the same, a hustler is a hustler even if he does have a product. And, that a john is a john, no matter what he buys.

He laughed again, took me by the hand and we sat back on the couch. He asked me if there was any other equipment for the machine he could buy. I told him there wasn't. He sighed and told me that was too bad, that he could go again! He said that I should sure keep him in mind when anything new came out. I told him I sure would! Just as I was going to the door, I turned and asked him if that was true about him being able to go again. He smiled, shook his head yes and snapped the door shut behind me after pulling me back inside. I looked at him, smiled and told him this was no sale, just a . . . well, I never got to finish, his warm mouth cut off the rest of my words!

I am going to have to give some long, hard thought to the part he told me about hustling, though. I'll do that right after we get it on again.

Boy, did I sleep! Like a fucking log! Was I ever glad it was Sunday! It really surprised me when Big Jim came in to wake me up and tell me it was almost noon! I'm an early riser, even if I'm not working! I drug myself out of bed and into the shower as quick as I could. I made it down to breakfast. Big Jim is a great cook. He smiled as he poured the orange juice. I knew something was up, but I didn't know what it was. Finally, after some terrific French toast and bacon, while we were having coffee, he told me. He went at it really slow. First he told me how proud of me he was, making out that well. He said he figured that I'd finally gotten the hang of it. Then, real softly he added that he thought, since I was earning my way, that it would be

a good idea to put the money in the bank to keep for school. That's something I've wanted to do for a long time. He added that he could see no reason why I shouldn't go on living here, just like I had before, since he could afford it with no problem.

I jumped in quick! I told him that I never had intended to move out and I thought the idea about saving the money was terrific! He smiled and grabbed me by the head and pulled me to him. Wouldn't you know it! My cock shot up like a flagpole! You can bet he was quick to take care of that!

A little later in the afternoon he told me that he almost forgot to tell me something, a guy we know really well was over with his new lover. The guy's name was Mike. He was a really sexy stud who I'd made it with a couple of times. I was really surprised to find out he had a lover, he was really wild, going out after EVERYONE! He loved things like T-rooms and dark movie balconies and those arcades with twenty-five-cent peep shows. I didn't say anything though. I could tell Big Jim was just as surprised as I was. Anyway, it seems they rented an apartment and needed a vacuum cleaner! Mike had a maid come in at his old place. That really made me happy. I jumped up and thanked Big Jim while he just beamed at me. I ran to the phone and called. Mike answered. We chatted a while. He told me about his lover, Mickey. With a chuckle, he said the guy was very *understanding.* I knew what he meant. He'd have to put up with all of Mike's wild sex doings. Mike just laughed when I told him that. He told me that Mickey was just as much into that scene as he was! That's why they became lovers in the first place! They made out together, then came home and did it together.

I had to laugh. Wouldn't you know Mike would pick someone like that. In fact, it was so funny, I hung up! I had to call back. I really felt silly, telling Mike that I forgot why I called. I asked him when I should come over. He suggested that I come on over then, saying that they weren't doing anything in the afternoon. I checked with Big Jim and told him if it was okay I'd show them the machine in the afternoon and not have to schedule it later in the week. He said that was fine, since he had to go out anyway. We set the time for two hours later.

When I got there Mike answered the door. He had just come out of the shower. I was about half an hour early. He invited me in and sat on the couch. He explained that Mickey was still in the shower and would be out in a while, suggesting that I begin showing him the vacuum cleaner. I pulled out my demonstrator and started. He chuckled and told me how much he liked my tube. I laughed and just kept on with what I was doing. Then he got this wicked gleam in his eye. He leaned over and asked me how good the suction on that thing really was. I took him up on his joke. I told him if he'd pull out his cock, I'd give him a real demonstration of suction. To prove my point, I jammed the head of the hose right in his crotch.

Mike let out a big moan and thrust his hips right up into the suction hose, panting like it was the best thing he'd ever had. I could tell that he wasn't playing anymore. This thing was really turning him on! His cock jumped up in his pants in a big stiffer. He groaned again, drug me down to him and gave me a hard kiss. He

just kept ramming his crotch against that sucking hose. The voice behind me almost caused me to jump right out of my skin. It was Mike's new lover, Mickey, still wet from the shower with just a towel wrapped around his waist. He was standing in the door right behind us. His hand was up under that towel and he must have been stroking his cock while he was watching us. It stood out from his body, making a tent out of the towel. He sat on the back of the couch and told me to get down there and suck Mike's cock. He pulled the towel off and started kissing Mike while he worked his tightly clenched fist up and down the full, stiff length of his hard cock. I grabbed Mike's cock. I had tasted that hot cock before and I wanted more! And more sure was what I got. Mike isn't small by any means. I had trouble with that huge cock of his before. Now, it was just the same. He kept trying to shove it in my throat as far as he could. If he'd ever got it all the way in, he'd have punctured one of my lungs. I tried but about three-fourths of it was all I could manage. I looked up. Mike was working on Mickey's big, stiff rammer while I worked on him. No wonder he was so turned on. That guy's cock was bigger than Mike's! I knew I'd have to have a taste of that big dick! I really don't know why I wanted it so much, I was having enough trouble with Mike!

I guess Mickey saw my trouble. He slipped down in my place and really went to work on his lover. He took THAT WHOLE THING! No wonder Mike decided to make it with him. He was the only person who could handle all of Mike's cock! While Mickey was sucking him, Mike pulled me close and went to work on my hot fuck tool. This was WILD! I'd had lots of people before, but never at the same time! I just knew this was going to turn me into an orgy freak! Suddenly Mickey started panting out at Mike to give it all to him and saying that he knew how he wanted it! I knew too! Mike loves to fuck but I didn't see how Mickey was going to take all that big rammer. I shouldn't have worried. Mike mounted him and just rammed it home in Mickey's tight hole. He screamed out in pain at first but still begged Mike to keep fucking him. Mike did! He was really shoving the hot, stiff meat to that begging kid!

I also knew that Mike liked to get fucked too! His asshole was twitching every time he drove that big cock of his into Mickey. I decided it was time I made use of that tight, brown puckerhole. I was so turned on at the thought of three guys making it together I'd have done anything! I just climbed on that pumping butt and drove my cock right home. That ramming motion must have set Mike's joy knob off. He screamed out that he was shooting and unloaded in his buddy's ass. That asshole of his twitched like wild as he shot. That twitching action was enough for me. I blasted out my own hot load of cum.

Mickey was the only one who hadn't gotten his nuts off, so while Mike signed the contract, I sucked a big hot load of jizz out of his new lover. I'll have to say I was really in top form. I got that huge cock all the way down my throat! I intend to do it again too!

I felt really proud when I went into the office on Monday with four sales for the weekend. Jerry was there and asked me how I did. I showed him the contracts and the money I collected. He whistled in amazement. He gave me a knowing smile and told me that would make me the top salesman of the week. I was really glowing when I went to my desk. Then I started thinking about what that kid at that fancy apartment told me, what was his name again, oh, yes, Chip, what he told me about it all being hustling. I knew that Jerry was a good salesman and decided I'd ask him.

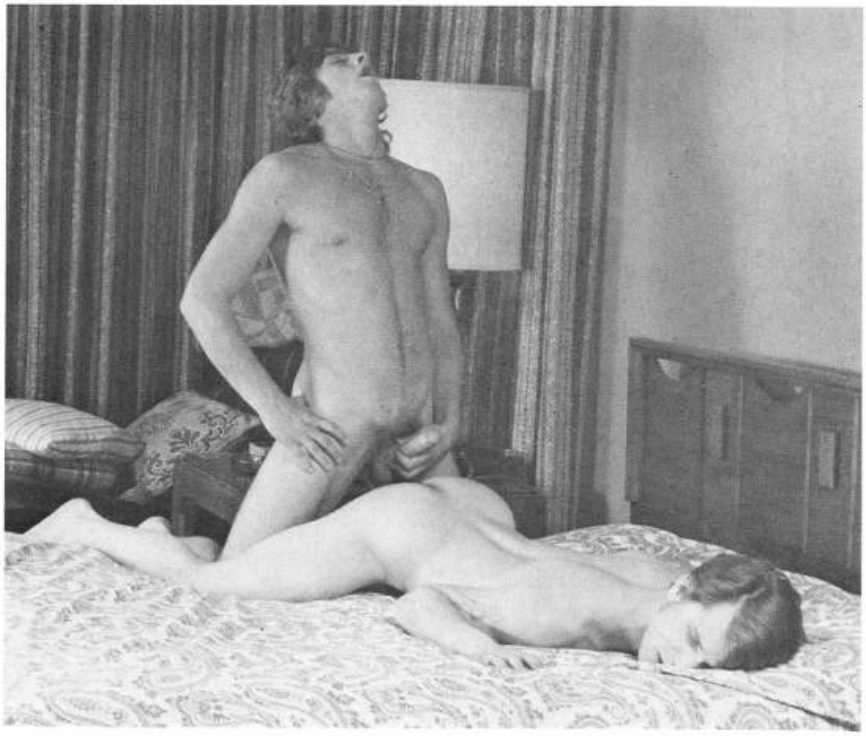
It was almost time for us to go out on our rounds and Jerry was having a final cup of coffee. He smiled when I came over to his desk. He invited me to join him,

saying that we could afford to take it easy since we'd learned the secret. Then he added that we really had it LICKED! He said "lick" in that funny way of his and really emphasized it. Then he asked me how his contacts went. I cleared my throat and told him that it really went well and thanked him, adding that I got a couple of contacts from one of the clients I sold a vacuum to. I said that I had already sold one of them but that he could have the other one. He just laughed and told me to keep it. He smiled again and said that he had LOTS of contacts, so many, in fact, that he couldn't handle them all. He said that he'd done a little checking up on me and he'd decided I was the perfect man to handle his overflow.

That's when I just put the question to him straight, the one Chip had planted in my mind. I just bluntly asked him if what he thought he did was no better than hustling. He just looked at me for a long time. Then, finally, he glanced around to make sure that no one could hear us. He leaned over and, looking me right in the eyes, told me very clearly that all selling was a form of hustling. When I asked him how he felt about using his cock to sell, he just laughed. He clutched his cock in his hand through his pants, then added that he got too hot for just one kind of sex to satisfy him. ~~He~~

I smiled, thanked him and got up to leave. He reached out and grabbed me by the arm. He told me very carefully that he'd been doing some checking up on me, through some of his old clients and he was impressed with my sales, then he paused and finally said *ABILITY*, in that funny way. He finally let my arm go, then added that I did a lot of things he didn't do! He walked to the door then turned around, smiled and asked me if I was going with him. I looked startled and asked him why. He said he wanted to try out all this sales ability he'd heard about. I started to speak but he shook his head no. He smiled this funny, little smile and told me that he'd canceled all our appointments until tomorrow. Then, he stopped, looked right at me, and added that his wife wouldn't be back until then and we could use his place for our demonstrations!

Now, you know I'd never turn down an invitation like that, so. . . .



SECOND CHOICE

When some people find out they're second choice, they freak out, like it meant they were the *last* choice on earth.

That's dumb, man, really dumb. *First* choice usually isn't even a *choice* at all. Or if it is, it's usually a blind one, with nothing to compare it with.

Just like life, man. You're born in a certain neighborhood, and even if it's a lousy one, you don't think about getting out. You either try to become king-shit of the block or you stay a schmuck and hope that the king-shits leave you alone.

I was lucky. I was small but wiry and walked around looking tough because I thought that's the way everybody looked.

The leader of the gang on my block took a liking to me and he figured I could be a help to them. They could easily lift me up and shove me through a high tiny window of a building they were planning on robbing, or more often, vandalizing. I just had to open a door or window the others could fit through and then I could take off. They didn't think I was good for anything else.

I was glad, because I didn't like what they were doing. But I didn't dare complain or refuse to do my part, or my short, unhappy life would become shorter and a lot unhappier.

They also used me for a decoy when they went shoplifting. I was supposed to distract the clerk by asking about some items, or create a disturbance by "accidentally" knocking over a pile of stuff. I usually bought something for a nickel or a dime and I'd tell the gang I "boosted" it right under the clerk's nose.

What was really dumb, man, was that they seldom stole anything they really wanted, and they usually just wrecked the things and threw them away. They didn't seem to want to better themselves, they just wanted to take things away from others and destroy them.

And for *sex*, man, you should see the pigs they stuck. Yeah, me too, or they would've turned on me. They never even tried to get a halfway decent looking girl. That would mean they'd hafta act decent themselves and even then stand a chance of being turned down. So they only went after the raunchy ones who would hang around asking for it.

Man, you could smell most of them a mile off, but the guys would parade them around like they were Ann-Margret. They'd brag about how many times a day they fucked them and they'd try to screw them in front of as many of the gang as they could.

It was crazy, man. Most of the guys were good-looking dudes and you'd think they'd try to hide the fact that they even knew such pigs. But I had to fuck them too. I'd avoid it as long as I could, till the guys'd give me static about not being "one of them." So I'd finally do it, but it turned my stomach.

Well, that was my *first* choice in life and sex. But I figured there had to be something better in both, so I set out to do something about it. I went to a little better neighborhood to look for a job.

I found one as a stock boy in a stationery store. The starting salary seemed like a fortune to me after having just scrounged for pennies at odd jobs. And the work wasn't nearly as tough.

One of the clerks, Shep, took a liking to me right off. He was one good-looking dude, and at first I thought he'd be stuck up, but he was friendly and helpful to me, right off. He caught some mistakes I was about to make, before I made them, and I came up smelling like a rose.

After work, Shep asked me if I lived in the neighborhood. I told him I didn't, but that on my first payday I was going to try to find a place nearby. He invited me over to his apartment. He said the rent wasn't bad and they might have a vacancy coming up. It was only two blocks from work and I would save enough in carfare to help pay for it. And, besides, after I looked around, we could take a dip in the pool.

That sounded great to me, but even more because of the offer of friendship from Shep.

I was filled to bursting with this wonderful feeling inside, caused by Shep. It's hard to explain, man, but he's the kinda guy who touches you when he talks to you. He wraps his fist around your arm, or his arm across your shoulders. You just *know* he likes you.

When we got to his place and walked into the yard, which was right in the middle of the building, I was freaked out. No rusty auto parts, broken bedsprings and cracked toilets lying around, like I was used to. There were bright-colored chairs, and tables with umbrellas, and lots of air cushions all around this bright blue pool. I knew I couldn't afford a place like that in a million years, but at least I was gonna get to swim in that pool.

The building was only three stories high and had an elevator. I was sure you had to be rich to live there. And Shep's apartment looked like a palace to me. Of course, I didn't have much to compare it with, but any place with pictures on the walls, and furniture without the stuffing showing was a palace to me.

He pulled out a couple of swim trunks that were smaller even than my underwear, and we got ready for the pool. We swam for almost an hour, then lay in the sun until we dried off. While we lay there and talked, I kept my eyes closed. Something bothered me when I looked at Shep. I kept thinking of how beautiful he was and how beautiful his body was and I started to get a hard-on. It scared me shitless. I was worried that something was wrong with me, and, if I sprang a rod in those trunks, Shep would be able to tell. I thought about some of the pigs I almost

puked on and that brought it back down.

And just in time, too. Shep got up and said, "Let's go in and grab a bite to eat."

He rustled up a quick, but delicious meal, and we sat around his living room, still in our trunks. I was thumbing through a magazine that had some pictures of groovy naked studs and I started to throw a rod again. *At studs!* But it got worse when I looked at Shep sitting on the floor reading a newspaper.

He suddenly said, "How'd you like to share this place with me? It's a hundred and twenty, so that would make it only sixty apiece, and that includes utilities. You could pay me a little out of each paycheck until you catch up. You don't have to decide right now. Why don't you stay over tonight and see if you like it? . . . I'd . . . I'd . . . really like you to. . . ."

I thought my heart was going to stop, or tear itself out of my body. I was already dreading having to go back to my miserable neighborhood and even more miserable home. I couldn't say anything then, my throat was choked up. He leaned back against my leg and looked up at me.

There was only one way I could express myself. I kissed him!

When my lips touched his, he opened them and snaked his tongue out. He pried my lips apart, but I opened my jaws by my own free will. His tongue licked the whole inside of my mouth, all over my teeth, and it started prodding my own tongue. It seemed like it was challenging my tongue to a duel. I accepted the challenge. My tongue took on a life of its own and started practicing all the tricks it had just learned.

And I don't know what got into my hands. They were rubbing all over his chest, squeezing his nipples, tingling from the sensational

feel of his flesh.

Without breaking the kiss, Shep maneuvered us up to a standing clinch. I gasped when his hand settled on my crotch, and almost came when he gave my cock a hard squeeze. He knelt down and shoved his tongue in my navel, while he worked his hand into my trunks. My knees almost buckled when I felt his fingers wrap around my hard cock. They lightly slid back and forth, gradually increasing the pressure. My crotch was so steaming hot that when he pulled my cock out into the cool air, it felt like an electric shock. But that was nothing compared to how it felt when his warm mouth surrounded it.

He slipped my trunks down and pushed me back to the couch. It didn't take much of a push, I almost collapsed. Then he really went to work.

He ran his tongue all over my prick; he even held it and licked it like a lollipop. It was the first time I realized that a cock has different feelings in different places. My favorite place was where the shaft meets the underside of the head. That's fireworks territory, man! And I skyrocketed!!! I grabbed Shep's hair and pulled him as far down on my cock as he could get while I pumped barrels of cum down his throat.

That was the first time I ever came with a feeling of complete joy. No shame, like when I played with myself; and no revulsion, like when I fucked one of those pigs. This was . . . was . . . well, *beautiful!*

And I wanted to do the same for Shep. The bulge in the front of his trunks looked appetizing as hell. And the zipper made it look twice as exciting. It looked like it was about to burst open.

I yanked it down and his prick swung up and hit his belly and his balls plopped right out. I didn't waste any time. I sank my mouth down on his cock like I'd done it every day of my life . . . and I wished I had. I knew I was going to, from that day on.

I had no trouble at all about knowing what to do. I knew what each section of a cock feels like and what treatment would be best for it. And the funniest thing is . . . whatever I was doing to Shep, my own cock felt like it was getting the same, by remote control. Wow! "Ground control to Major Tom!" Far fucking out!

I left off his prick for a taste of his balls, and then I wanted to go even farther so I took off his trunks.

Shep had me lie down on the couch and he straddled my face. While I was sucking his cock again, my own felt like it was being sucked, so realistically that I had to look. It wasn't "Major Tom" that time. It was "General" Shep. Christ, you couldn't find more perfect happiness than giving and receiving at the same time!

And already, whole new vistas were opening up before me. To be more specific, a hole was opening up before me—Shep's hole, his asshole.

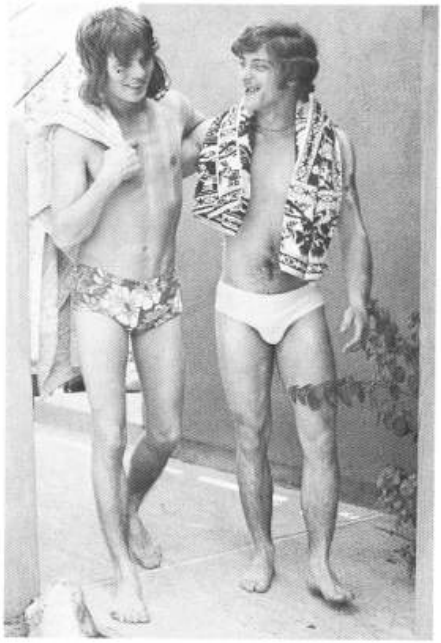
I just looked up and a few inches from my eyes was the first asshole I had ever seen . . . and, I'm sure, the most beautiful one in the world, 'cause it was Shep's.

I spread the cheeks to get a better look, and it moved even closer to my face. While examining that pulsating pink rosebud, my tongue started getting a hard-on. It was drawn to that hole like a magnet. As it touched the entrance, my own asshole started twitching.

I was entering into another world. Not by force, although it was almost irresistible, but by choice. For the first time in my life I had a taste of beauty and love, and I was going to fight to hang on to it.

But now, if you'll excuse me, I was just about to. . . !

HEAD STRONG



Zowie! A whole month to myself! My folks were taking a second honeymoon to celebrate their twentieth wedding anniversary and I had the apartment to myself. For a whole fucking month!

Usually the apartment wouldn't do anything for me. A guy who lives with his family has plenty of places away from home where he has his fun, but this new kid moved into our building, and I had plans for him.

Every day after school, he'd come home for about ten minutes and then take off again. I couldn't think of a way to meet him, so I worked on getting to know his mother.

I spotted her in the laundry room, so I grabbed some dirty shorts, then switched to clean ones because I wanted to impress her.

I introduced myself and welcomed her to the building. I told her it was a nice quiet neighborhood, the right place for a kid to grow up in, and that started her talking about her son.

She was proud of his high marks and what she called his "gentlemanly behavior," but she was a little worried about him missing out on the "fun" of being a teenager. He was always running off to the library to study every afternoon and evening and didn't seem to have many friends. He had no interest in sports, and she wished he led a more "normal" life.

My ears stood up at that—it may not mean what I was thinking, but then again, it might. The odds were in my favor.

I suggested that I could help him finish his homework faster, since I was a year ahead of him in

school, and then we'd have time for some bike riding, my favorite sport. A healthy mind in a healthy body, and all that kind of rot.

She was delighted with my idea and said she would tell Tom to drop in to see me after dinner. I warned her that kids don't usually like to follow their parents' recommendations, so I would try to suggest it to him myself.

I took my bike out for a short spin and returned in time to intercept Tom. I told him I was having a little trouble with the brake and asked his help in fixing it. The evening was getting cool so I suggested we work on it in my apartment.

I didn't want to waste time just studying with this kid if he wasn't interested in sex with me, so I shifted the seduction into high gear.

I told him to squeeze the brake handle while I worked on the spring. He straddled the bike and sat on the seat as I hoped he'd do.

"How's it feel?" I asked.

"How does *what* feel?"

"The seat. I call it my 'sex machine'. I picked out that style because it makes me horny to just sit on it. I can't pedal for more than a block without throwing a rod."

"It . . . it . . . feels . . . comfortable."

I stood up and squeezed my hand in between the seat and his crotch. "The way the front sticks up, it pushes my balls up and makes my cock strain against my pants. And it massages the space between my balls and ass."

I demonstrated by pushing his balls up a few times and then sliding my hand farther under him. He must have liked it because he lifted a bit off the seat to give me room to move.

I pressed my fingers around his asshole area and I felt him shiver. I was getting to him! I looked at his crotch and, sure enough, there was a bulge that wasn't there before.

"I should have warned you, you'd better get this out of a cramped position or it might break off," I said, as I moved his cock, under his pants, upward and sideward, where *it* had more room, and *I* had more room to get at it.

He was breathing hard and he moaned when I squeezed his hard-on. I knew I had him exactly where I wanted him. His eyes and mouth were wide open and I took the opportunity to stick my tongue all the way into the latter.

He made some garbled noises and tried to pull back, but I followed with my head. I wasn't going to hold him with my hands, I had no intention of trying to rape him if he was unwilling.

He remained still for a while and then I felt his hand on my shoulder. He started pushing his face harder into mine and kissing for real.

His hands went under my jacket and T-shirt and were rubbing every part of my chest and back. It was as if I had pulled a trigger that released a spring in him. He seemed as if he wanted to know what my body was like, inside and out. His mouth was sucking up a storm and his cock was bucking under my hand.

I slipped my jacket and shirt off and helped him off the bike. He lunged for my pants and pushed them down to my knees. He rushed back to our interrupted kissing while running his hands all around my crotch.

When he felt my prick hardening he asked if he could kiss it. Big-hearted me said yes. Kissing, to him, meant the same thing he did to my tongue. He shoved it in his mouth and ran his tongue all around it while sucking like a vacuum cleaner. If that was just "kissing," I'd like to experience what he would call a blow job.

I was dangerously close to cum-

ming, when he pulled his mouth off my cock, and started to lick my whole groin. He turned me slowly as he washed his way around my hips and all over my butt. When he reached the split, he didn't stop. His tongue flicked up and down, working its way deeper into the crack. When it touched my bunghole, I almost came.

"Whoa! Save something for later!" I said, as I sat on the couch and stood him up in front of me. I dropped his pants to his knees and couldn't resist rubbing my whole face into his crotch. I wanted his cock to caress every part of me, but the rest had to wait. My mouth had top priority.

I tested the sponginess of the head between my lips. I squeezed hard as I pressed forward. When the wide flange slipped through, the rest sprang into my mouth and down my throat.

He began rotating his hips wildly, and then suddenly withdrew.

"I want to kiss you again!" he said, as he pulled me up by my armpits. We stood and kissed, keeping our fires simmering, just below the boiling point.

He suddenly pushed me back down on the couch and squatted between my legs. He examined my nuts close up. He felt my balls, lifted them, twisted them, bounced them and then popped them into his mouth. Then he returned to the main attraction. This time he slowly licked the entire cock before putting it in his mouth. His tongue never stopped moving, even as his head was bobbing at breakneck speed. It didn't take much of that action for me to squirt a gallon of love juice past his tonsils. He seemed startled, as if he hadn't expected that to happen, but he kept up the movement until I couldn't stand it anymore and lifted his head up.

While I took a minute to catch my breath, he contented himself with running his lips and tongue all over my torso, concentrating mainly on my navel and nipples.

I laughed when I realized that he still had his pants and shorts around his ankles. I took them off as he was kissing me again.

We didn't break that kiss until I went down on his cock. I'd never met anyone as sensitive as him; he writhed and squirmed all over the couch. He was on the arm, the back, standing, sitting, lying, under me and finally, over me.

He was straddling my head as I sucked on his balls. He leaned over and grabbed my cock. Then he tongue-bathed my whole groin. I was staring up at his spread asscheeks and taking in the beauty of his puckered ring which seemed so unprotected. I almost came at the thought of what I had planned for it.

As he sucked on my balls, he became curious about my lower regions. He lifted my legs until my

knees hit my chin. I held them there while he scrambled around to get a better look. Now *I* was unprotected.

His tongue flooded the crack with saliva and as he returned his mouth to my balls, he felt my sphincter with his finger. The area was so wet, the finger slid in without any effort. Oh! Did that feel good!

"Fuck me, now! Go ahead, fuck me! You won't need any grease, just ram it in!"

I reached down and grabbed his prick. I guided it to the hole and eased the head in. When it was securely caught, I grabbed his hips and pulled hard. His body slammed up against my ass and his cock bolted all the way into me. He pumped with so much enthusiasm that his prick kept popping out.

"Hey! Make shorter strokes! Your cock's long, but not *that* long. Here, let's try a different

position."

I took advantage of one of our disconnections to flip over onto my knees. Again he seemed fascinated by my underview. He licked and felt the whole area. He got a stranglehold on my balls while he probed my rectum with his finger.

Then, planting a juicy kiss on my butthole, he plunged his ramrod in to the hilt. This time he managed to keep it all in me until he started to shoot. Then he got carried away again, and I felt it slip out and spray my back with his jism. He was yelping like a puppy, as he sank down onto the floor.

His hard-on hadn't even begun to go down, so, lifting his legs up onto the couch, I sucked it to keep him in an aroused state. I didn't know how he was going to react to the next stage, and I wanted to keep the odds in my favor.

When I felt that he was on his way to another orgasm, I doubled his legs up over his body, and, leaning forward, positioned my cock at his asshole, and lunged.

A perfect hole-in-one! There was no tightening or resistance, so I pulled out all stops. I fucked like a madman! We both came at the same time. He was covered, inside and out, with a shower of cum.

Then it was time to shower the cum off us. Even under the full spray he wasn't coming clean. He kept his body pressed to mine, kissing, hugging, feeling me all over. I had to push him away to soap us up. I worked on him first.

I was almost as bad as him. Running my hands over his soap-lathered body was almost too much for me. My rip-roaring hard-on was like another arm that wanted to roam over that body wherever my hands touched.

As I washed his nicely mounded chest, his nipples felt like spikes, they were so hard with excitement they seemed ready to pop out. I soaped down his torso to remove the cum from his stomach, and couldn't resist screwing his navel with my finger. Even that almost made me cum. I was so hot and on the verge again.

And that's saying nothing about Tom. His cock was so stretched it looked like a balloon. It was bobbing up and down and swinging in circles. He kept grabbing at me, but I pushed him away until I got us both cleaned.

I turned him around to get at his back, and almost gave up right then. The sight of his ass is the eighth wonder of the world.

I shut my eyes to see if that would help me keep on with what I was doing, but it only intensified the feeling of his flesh beneath my hands. I had to hurry or I was gonna blast off into space.

I soaped myself as fast as I could while holding Tom off me. Then . . . all systems GO!

Even before all the suds were rinsed off, I captured Tom's balloon. I licked my way down his body until his cock was pushing against my Adam's apple (from the outside). In one more second, it was pushing against my Adam's apple from the inside.

I was sitting in the tub and gave long, leisurely strokes, hoping to prolong the pleasure. But Tom wasn't buying it; he was so wrought up, he was anxious to explode. I pulled my head back off it and told him to take it easy, it's a much better orgasm after a long buildup.

I put it back in my mouth and he started battering my tonsils. I gave him enough of a bite to make him stop.

I took it out of my mouth again and told him if he didn't slow down I was gonna bite it off and mount it on my wall with a plaque naming it the world's fastest orgasm machine—it wouldn't be much good for anything else. I told him, "If you want to have all-day sex, you have to learn to pace yourself. There's more to sex than just a three-second orgasm."

I had to laugh at the earnest little-boy look on his face as he said he would try.

I turned him around and started licking at his calves. When I got to the hollows of his knees, he almost buckled over. This gave me a preview look at the crotch area I was slowly approaching.

The backs and insides of his thighs were next on the agenda. He leaned forward and raised a leg to give me room. There's no feeling to compare with the sensation of cock and balls and then asscheeks caressing your face as you move into that area.

I held his prick and fondled it as I licked his balls. I took turns sucking one ball and then the next. I hit them with my tongue to watch them swing. They bounced off my nose. I took one in my mouth and rolled it around, then I sucked in the other one. They puffed my cheeks out and I chewed gently on the elastic bag.

Tom was moaning and twitching. The poor kid was in an agony of anticipation and I just went that much slower. I really took my time mouthing those balls. I flipped them every which way with my tongue. I twisted them around each other. I shook my head and made them bounce. I was having a ball *(two!)*.

Then I was ready for my favorite part of the body—the triangle between the balls and the asshole. Tom had a thin row of hair outlining the triangle. I traced it with my tongue, then lavishly licked the remaining space.

This threw Tom's motor into high gear. He really squirmed and sounded like he was purring.

I ran my tongue back and forth over his sphincter, then jammed it into the hole. From the way the ring clenched and unclenched, I could tell that he was cumming.

"Why didn't you tell me you were about to cum? I'd have taken your load in my mouth."

"I tried to hold back, but when you stuck your tongue in my asshole, there was nothing I could do. It just flew!"

I stood up and Tom sat down. He went to work on my cock with the long slow lazy strokes I had used on him. After a while he started investigating the rest of the area. He held my prick up to get at my balls. He licked them thoroughly and set them swinging by pushing them with his nose. He sucked them one at a time and then put them both in his mouth. He did the same kind of twisting and chewing that I did to him.

He popped them out of his mouth and held them up with my prick, and started exploring the region behind them. His tongue furrowed into my crack as far as he could reach from that position.

He turned me around. I jumped when he took a big bite of my cheek. He was getting even with me for biting his cock.

He kissed the entire surface of my buttocks, sucking huge chunks into his mouth. He used both hands to knead them like pieces of dough. Then his mouth got back in the action.

He ran his tongue up and down my crack, dipping slightly into the hole as he passed it. Then he rimmed me.

I was determined to show him I wasn't just a green kid, that I could hold off shooting right away. But it was difficult. What he may have lacked in experienced technique, he made up for in sheer enthusiasm.

I was succeeding, but just barely, until, zowie, a long wet finger plunged all the way into my hole and I was a goner. I sprayed the wall, the tub and my legs with my milky jism. So much for self-control.

We managed to dry ourselves without incident. We did plenty of sucking and groping, but we didn't cum again.

While we were getting dressed, it hurt me to see Tom pull his

shorts up over his beautiful butt, so I pulled them down again and jammed a finger up his hole. I kissed the cheeks as if I were never going to see them again.

He said, "I'll be back as soon as I finish dinner, and I'll ask Mom if I can stay overnight."

I biked over to the nearest hamburger stand and was back home in less than half an hour. I stripped and threw a towel around my waist to be ready to open the door when Tom knocked.

I only had ten minutes to wait. He came in carrying a flight bag. He didn't say a word. He just started pushing me towards the bedroom. He kept pushing until I fell backward onto the bed. He dropped the flight bag, stripped and jumped on top of me. We went into a clinch for what seemed like hours.

Then Tom sat up and pulled the towel off me. He straddled my crotch and I grabbed both of our hard cocks and pumped. He squirmed free and inched his way up my body. He rubbed his cock all over my face and then settled it into my mouth. He pumped with the long, slow rhythm I'd taught him.

Without removing his prick from my mouth, he worked his body around so that he could reach my cock. He pumped it a few times with his hand and then leaned over and took it in his mouth. We kept a slow-motion sixty-nine going for quite a while.

Tom got so intent on what he was doing to my cock that he even forgot that he was fucking my mouth. He eventually pulled out and scooted around so that he could concentrate on my crotch.

He licked the underside of my prick and continued on down to my balls, sucking them into his mouth, one by one, and then both together. He washed the whole between-the-legs area before going back to my cock.

He gently licked the head and ran circles around it with his tongue. He chewed on the head with his lips, gradually working his way all the way down the shaft with those light, nibbling motions.

As slow and as gentle as he was, it was too much for me, and I came. But that didn't stop him. He kept up the nibbling until it was driving me out of my mind. I finally screamed for him to stop it. I couldn't stand it anymore.

He licked all the cum off me and then settled himself beside me and we clinched. We must have set a new record for kissing. We kept it going until we were both roaring hard again and raring to go.

This time, I straddled him. I pushed my cock into his mouth and leaned over to take his in mine. I looked at it first. I held it up, pushed it down, and bent it sideways. Whichever view I got, I had to admit, it was the most beautiful cock I had ever seen, and I had seen quite a few.

But that beautiful thing deserved more attention than just being looked at, so I made it the blue-plate special.

I started with Tom's nibbling act, only I did it faster and kept going from top to bottom and back up again. It brought Tom close to the brink too fast, so I tried a diversionary tactic.

I raised his legs up, and releasing his cock, I worked on his balls for a while. Then I continued on down to his asshole. I slicked it up good with spit and wormed my tongue in. This time he didn't shoot immediately, but I knew he was close. So I shoved my finger in his hole as I licked my way back towards his prick.

I hadn't even realized that I had moved away from his mouth, but the most important thing in the world, right then, was seeing that Tom was properly taken care of.

I went back to sucking his cock, because I wanted to be sure this load wasn't wasted. I kept a slow, but firm, pressure going, to prolong it as long as possible. I could feel the tension mount, his cock got bigger and harder and then exploded. Jets of cum shot down my throat and I swallowed as fast as I could, but I couldn't keep up with the flow. Cascades of love juice poured down his shaft. I wanted every bit of it, but I had to rest for a few minutes, to catch my breath, before cleaning it all up with my tongue.

"Say, Bill, what are we gonna do in a month, when your folks get back? Mom gave me permission to live here and keep you company while they're gone. But we're gonna have to come up with a plan for later!"

THE OUTER REACHES

What do I do with this thing? I love it, it being mine, but it's been so hard-swollen it's almost hurt for the last hour.

I should be studying, not just because of tomorrow's test, but because the subject means a lot to me, FUNDAMENTALS OF EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL BIOCHEMISTRY, and here I sit playing with my aching-hard penis, and feeling half guilty over all the bull that says masturbation so tunes you to your own hand you can't respond to anyone else.

I like my hand over and around it, revolving my palm slowly instead of pumping the shaft, watching it darken as more blood flows in, feeling its increasing tightness, exhaling my breath over the fevered glans, which gets almost too sensitive to touch unless I keep it moistened. I'm not much conceited, but the look and feel of my own thing really turns me on.

Sex is crazy: a fundamental part of us, an urging that's always there, reinforced constantly by all the stimulation we're immersed in, and yet our families, schools and society try to beat it out of us, or at least force it into the "accepted" mold. . . .

I reject that mold! I'm me: George Hill, with my own ideas on what I want. I'm not the only George Hill even here at Boulder, but the only one here majoring in math and astrophysics. And I bet the only George Hill alive who'd like nothing better than to leave this fucked-up planet, to jet out in a silver, penis-rocket for the outer reaches of the solar system, with a tall, handsome Nordic astronaut named Jerry for companionship, and for us to be the first humans on Jupiter's third moon, Ganymede (more'n twice the size of earth's moon), one of the likeliest bodies around the sun to sustain life.

And Jerry and I would finish out our days exploring the wonders of old Jove's boy-love, searching for signs of life, intelligent or otherwise, recording and transmitting our observations, and exploring each other in celestial isolation, waiting for that relief ship which may not arrive in our lifetime. . . .

If that sounds kooky, we science-fiction fans aren't afraid of being thought kooky, aren't intimidated either by the puritan judgments of this society. Some of my friends say I *am* kooky. Others say cocky.

That's because even when I have a math problem on my mind I'm likely to be walking around with a hard-on straining to break out of my pants. Guess that's why the glans gets so sore. I don't like wearing shorts. . . .

But I hardly know what to do with the damn thing. I like handling it myself, but that's like wasting a good thing. I discovered the tearooms four years ago, but got scared off by one big bust and by what happened to the best professor I ever had, when he got busted. Gay bars I don't dig—I freeze up. I don't necessarily freeze up with other students on campus, but I rarely make out with them either.

So I sit here rolling my hand slowly around it, watching and feeling it get harder, tighter, darker, wishing that my blond god of an astronaut was servicing it on Ganymede. . . .

I wish I were blond! I've heard

guys describe me as that good-looking, dark-haired kid, and then pick up some blond and take him home, and I go home alone to masturbate instead of studying. . . .

"Hell with the test!" I say suddenly. You have to be married and test out 15 ways "normal" to get in on the traveling end of the space program anyhow!

In five minutes I'm dressed, out of my dorm, heading down toward the park, still walking crab-style to ease my hard-on down while leaving enough "to advertise." There's action in the park without going near the tearoom.

The image of my Nordic astronaut-lover Jerry with his solar face and divine body vanishes in a time-warp when I see this kid, shorter than me, hair as dark as mine, with a sort of pale, pug Irish face, the opposite of my ideal, and suddenly I decide I'm in love. Or at least I forget about cooling off my erection.

"Nice evening, isn't it?" (Couldn't I manage a more original opening?)

"Sure is. Gits me all stirred up," he says, his pixieish grin focused on my bobbing basket. "You look pretty stirred up too."

Then I get embarrassed and change the subject. (Damn! I know what he wants, and now I'll turn the whole thing off, as usual!)

He was direct: "I'm Robert Peters. If you'd like to come up to my place a while, it's just four blocks off."

I always seem to get paralyzed when the ice is breaking. Bob gets up off the bench, brushes his fingers over my forearm, saying he sure likes guys with hairy arms. Then he starts walking toward his apartment over on Englewood. I fall in behind him, and after a block, I loosen up. Scenario for a mutual admiration society: I think he's terrific looking, and I enjoy being told how much he likes my looks.

He seems younger than I thought at first. Won't say what his age is. I'm not one to want to get caught in the chicken-yard, but the lilt of his voice, the lilt of his walk, his neat buns excite me so I ignore the risk.

Inside his apartment I get awkward again. He offers drinks. I take beer. He has Scotch and soda. We sit at far ends of the couch. I tell him about school. He says he works in his father's store, a glorified 5&10, and that last month he demanded his own apartment. His parents argued for two weeks, gave in, and I'm the first guy he's brought home, which was what he wanted his own quarters for.

"Bad luck you get a stick-in-the-mud," I say. (Why keep cutting yourself down, George?)

"No, man!" he protests. "I think you're terrific! Strong, dark, silent type, and real sexy—not a silly clown like me."

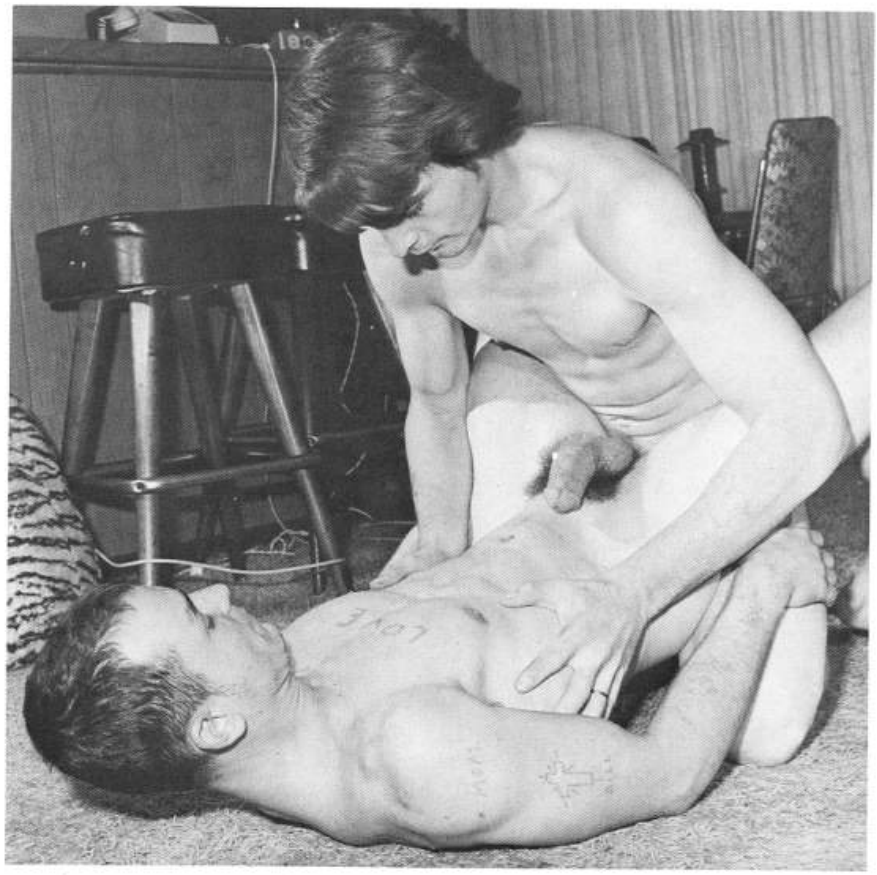
I don't remember anyone ever calling me sexy before.

I don't notice my hand reaching out. Then I'm covering his soft hand, bending toward him almost as if I really were the strong, silent type. I've never taken the lead before. I start breathing very hard, making him the boy and me the aggressive man, feeling his heavy heartbeat, removing his shirt and undershirt, while he gives me a playful grin. One hand clasped behind him, one in his crotch, I trail my face down his chest, taste his virgin nipples (at least he says no one ever did that to him before) while my mind's eye still surveys his face, deciding that his bloodline must be Magyar rather than Gaelic.

While he loosens his pants, I spin off on a gothic fantasy about kidnapping him from an old Hungarian encampment, riding away to devour him with love in my Transylvanian castle (I *said* I have kooky ideas!)

He wiggles out of his pants—his one almost girlish gesture—and my nose drops into the sweet, precise garden above his impressive manhood.

I'm usually the passive one sexually, and I find later that Robert's usually full of bounce and a



real tease in bed. But something has settled into a groove with us, and I go after him with more fervor than I've ever exhibited before, petting at first, sexual wrestling, gently crawling all over him, dragging my lips and my urgently dripping plow-share all over his chunky, pale torso. He lies there almost purring like a kitten. And I just about go crazy.

I go down on him, suck his succulent stem like I've never sucked before, keep at it till he starts groaning as if he had an attack of appendicitis. I let it sink slowly from *2001's* explosive takeoff/landing scene. I settle down on a virgin plateau, like in a lunar landing module, open my eyes, watch Bob's dark, pixiehead play with my meat. God, but he's cute! I feel that my whole body and spirit have already ejaculated, though the semen hasn't yet left my testicles, and oh God but they are heavy with it!

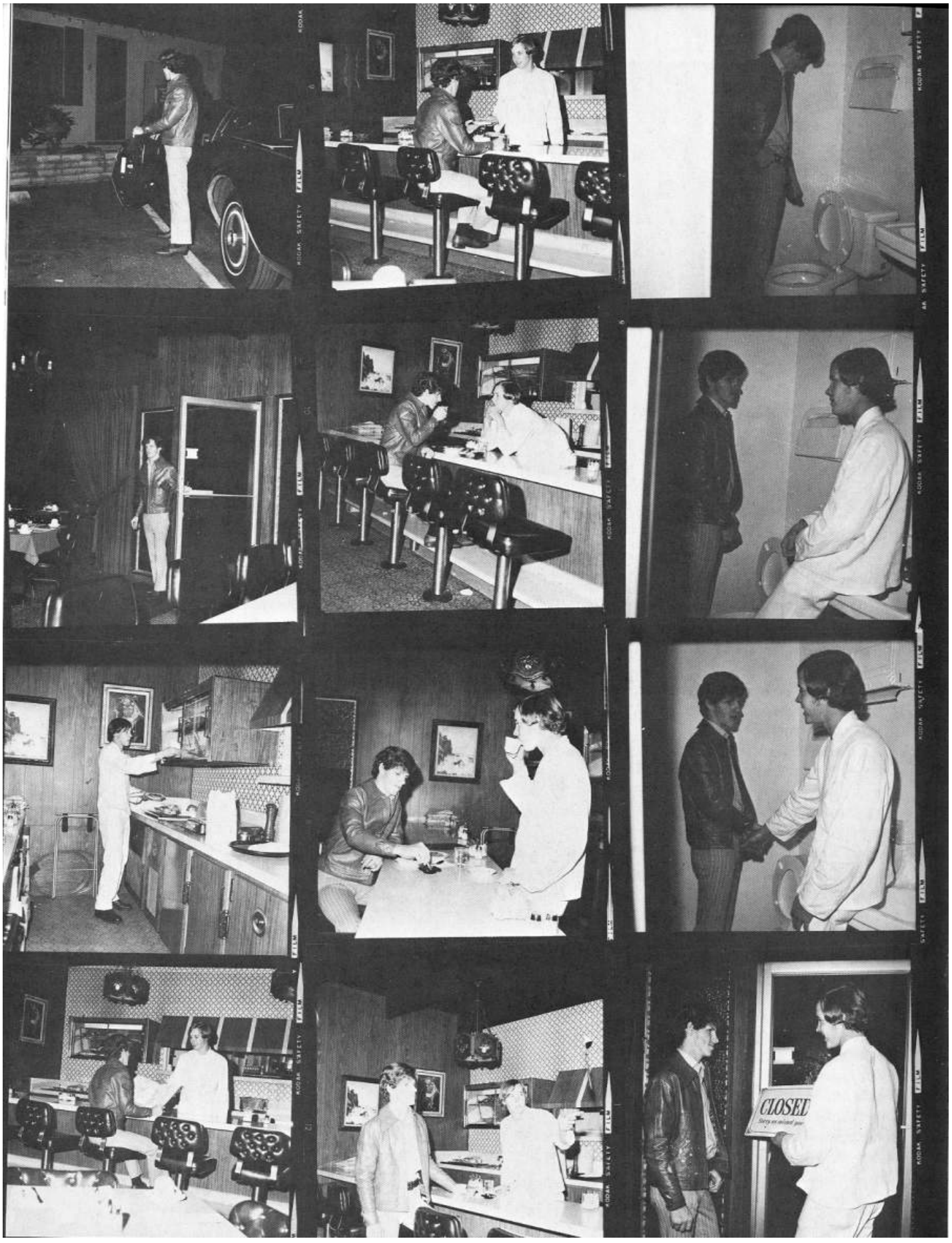
He releases me a moment to gasp in a fresh supply of air. "Sure love yer pecker, man!" he says before picking a stray hair from his mouth. "Hottest I ever tasted!" I glow with the compliment while he goes back delicately, feverishly to the glans.

Bob's a lot more patient than I've ever been. He's surely been sucking me three times longer than I did him. My jaws would have been too tired. I'd probably have gagged a couple times and stopped to apologize for that, killing the rhythm. My mouth is dry now even though his is doing the work. And such work! I guess he really likes it. He sucks as if he likes nothing better. And he's caught on that my real sensitivity's right there on top. Most guys need to have their penis buried all the way. Not me. I just feel snug (not a bad feeling but not too exciting either) when someone goes down all the way on me, but when they concentrate on the tender glans, I practically go crazy, even when it's half painful. Everyone's different, I guess.

And Bob is sure concentrating, lips, teeth, tongue, saliva and breath, all working overtime. Then with a happy instinct, he shoves my legs up in the air. Somehow that always draws the skin of my penis and testicles tighter. I feel ready to pop. Besides, the undersides of my legs are super touchy when I'm stirred up, and I start groaning as he flat-palms up and down them.

He locks his teeth hard just under the glans, worries my penis like a bulldog on a bone, and I blow, filling his mouth, feeling it run down my shaft into my pubic hair. Then he goes all the way down on me again (inspired timing—that's when it feels just right!) his tongue lapping around my shaft to trap the descending cum, my glans colliding with his palate and skidding down his throat, so stiff it wants to bend his throat out of shape. It's in time for me to release another full discharge. I feel the recoil kicking up from the couch springs. I feel I've emptied my whole gut into him, feel drained, feel satisfied.

But it's too soon for that. We've just begun. We rest maybe 15 minutes and I slowly work myself back up while he waits, rectum spread.


CLOSED

NUDE DUDES

Douglas knew from his very first seconds of consciousness that this day would not be an ordinary one. He awakened suddenly, as if to protect himself from the destructive intensity of his dream. As he wiped the dripping perspiration from his brow with the sheet, his mind allowed only split-second clues of his fantasy. He desperately wanted to freeze the picture in his mind and dissect and analyze the journey he had just lived through, but the more he tried to capture the dream, the more elusive it became.

It was like trying to study the shadow of his profile – when he turned his head to look at it, his shadow was no longer a profile. He knew it was important and he surmised that it had something to do with Mr. Hiller, his father's business partner. Douglas had known the Hillers throughout his childhood. The years had given Mr. Hiller an unmistakable air of distinction. He looked as if he could have been a diplomat or a secretary of state rather than a co-owner of a Miami Beach hotel. White hair, peppered with the perfect proportions of black, and the ever-present tan on his distinguished face afforded him the stares of even the straightest men, not to mention the best looking women, on the beach.

If Mr. Hiller looked the part of the diplomat, his father looked the part of the cigar-flaunting Miami Beach comedian. His personality appealed to a totally different clientele than his partner's. Most of the guests of the hotel could simply not understand how or why two such diverse personalities could possibly be in business together. But the combination worked out perfectly. They never argued, they never shared any jealousies, and they had maintained a very close personal relationship.

As Douglas pulled himself out of bed and walked into the bathroom of his one-bedroom Los Angeles apartment, he thought of the Hillers. He remembered the night that Mrs. Hiller, only slightly sober, came to his home before he made the move to Los Angeles. She was a beautiful woman in a sophisticated sort of way, and she was the type of person who would stop at nothing to get what she wanted.

Realizing that her husband and his partner were busily at work at the hotel, and that Douglas' mother spent most of her day hours with various charities in and around the Miami Beach area, she paid a visit to Douglas' home about an hour after he had come back from school. Douglas remembered how naive he was in high school. He had no idea that Mrs. Hiller wanted to test his cock, or even that she would do such a thing behind her husband's back. He was upstairs in his bedroom when she rang the doorbell.

"What are you doing this afternoon?" she asked rather innocently.

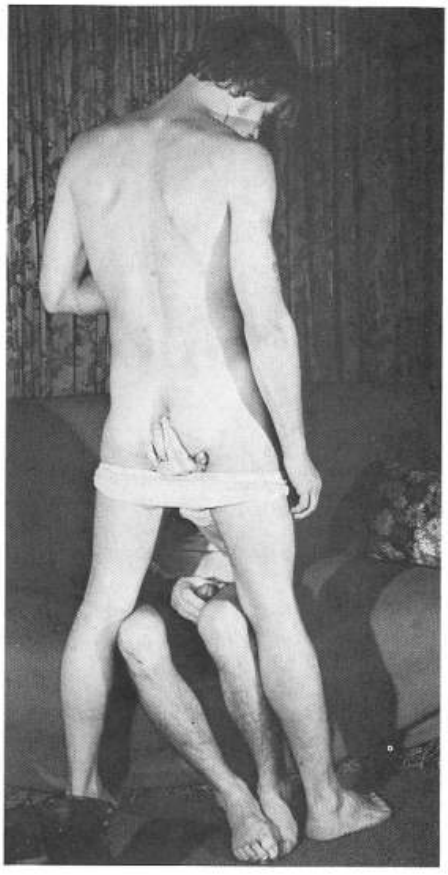
"I have some homework to finish up," Douglas replied. "What are you doing?"

Mrs. Hiller smiled as if she was about to share a secret. "I'm trying to harden a penis."

Douglas didn't know what to say. He didn't even know exactly what she was trying to tell him, but he forced a smile as if to camouflage his naivete.

"Are you ready?" she inquired in a whisper.

"I guess so," Douglas said, without realizing what he was saying.



Without another word said, Mrs. Hiller proceeded to remove her blouse and expose her shapely bosoms. Douglas remained frozen in his tracks. It did not excite him, but he did feel a sense of awe or astonishment when he stopped to think that this sophisticated lady, this woman, was actually interested in him sexually.

By the time she was totally naked, with her black, hairy twat making its way toward him, Douglas simply watched her face. She was smiling knowingly. And as she approached him, she reached down to feel his groin, which did not even stir. When she pressed her breasts into his face, Douglas did not move. Her organs felt warm, to be sure, but they did not sexually arouse him.

This rather shocking revelation began to make itself apparent after a few moments of Mrs. Hiller's tactics.

"What's the matter? You some kind of fag or something?" she shouted in a most uncharacteristic tone. "Maybe I should have sent my husband here to take care of you instead of coming myself."

Douglas understood her rage. He did not want to continue to blast away at her already crumpled ego by saying anything. She was hurt, and, as naive as he was, the one thing he understood was hurt. He simply walked out of the room and left Mrs. Hiller standing there naked.

"You're a screaming fag," she shouted. "You and my husband, a perfect match. Why don't you ball him?"

From that moment on, the idea of becoming sexually involved with Mr. Hiller could not escape Douglas' mind. The thought of making love to him began to dominate his thoughts. The importance of anything else, his studies, his future, his career, seemed to become nothing more than nourishment for this one overpowering notion.

He had known the distinguished looking gentleman for a long time, yet he never so much as suspected that he was gay.

Douglas felt his cock stiffen every time he thought about Mr. Hiller. When he saw him, not only would his cock stiffen, but perspiration would collect in his palms and on his forehead. When he awakened from his dream with perspiration all over his face, he realized that his night's fantasy had to have involved Mr. Hiller.

As Douglas sleepily made his way toward the bathroom to wash away the nostalgic haze from his mind, he recalled his first moments along with his dad's partner after his wife had tried to seduce him.

Mr. Hiller had flown back to Miami after a business trip to New York. He had called Mrs. Hiller to pick him up at the airport, but she was probably out balling someone. Then he called his partner and Douglas answered. When he explained that his parents were out for the evening, Mr. Hiller asked if Douglas could pick him up.

Douglas, of course, was delighted to fulfill his request. His heart pumped blood throughout his body at a ridiculous pace as his car neared the airport. Mr. Hiller was standing in front of the terminal with a confident smile as Douglas approached. When he climbed into the car, Douglas could barely bring himself to say hello.

There was no way of knowing exactly what was on the youngster's mind, but the perceptive hotel man was fully cognizant that something was wrong. He did not want to interfere, but he did ask what was troubling him.

Douglas shakily pulled over to the side of the terminal building and parked the car in a darkened area.

"I can't control myself any longer," Douglas admitted in a trembling tone. "You're all that's on my mind."

His quivering hand reached toward Hiller's crotch and rubbed his tool. Unable to look into his eyes, Douglas was only able to feel the appreciation in Hiller's groin. His cock immediately came to attention, but clearly he was holding his passion back. Hiller allowed his young lover to play with his ever-hardening tool for a few minutes, and for those precious moments, Douglas' heart, soul and mind were one. His entire body felt as if it was going to explode with an

ecstatic gush of fulfillment.

But then Mr. Hiller seemed to somehow collect his wits about him. He recovered from the passion of the moment once he allowed Douglas to hold his stretched tool in his sweaty, excited hand.

Douglas leaned toward his lover and began to press his tongue against the hotness of the mature love rod. His lips could feel the throbbing of Hiller's groin.

"Get away," Hiller demanded. "I can't let you do this. Stop it right now. Leave me alone."

The young lover could not instruct his body to detach itself from the most exciting event of his life with only words as his discouragement. He ladled on heavy doses of saliva as his appreciative tongue hurried with enthusiasm and tasted every morsel of succulent scrotum.

Finally, Hiller interrupted his own passion long enough to force Douglas away. His head, which had been smothering Hiller's highly sensitized crotch, was thrust against the steering wheel. It short-circuited the electricity of the moment.

"We can't do this," insisted the red-faced Hiller. "I have too much else to think about. Too much to lose. Keep away from me."

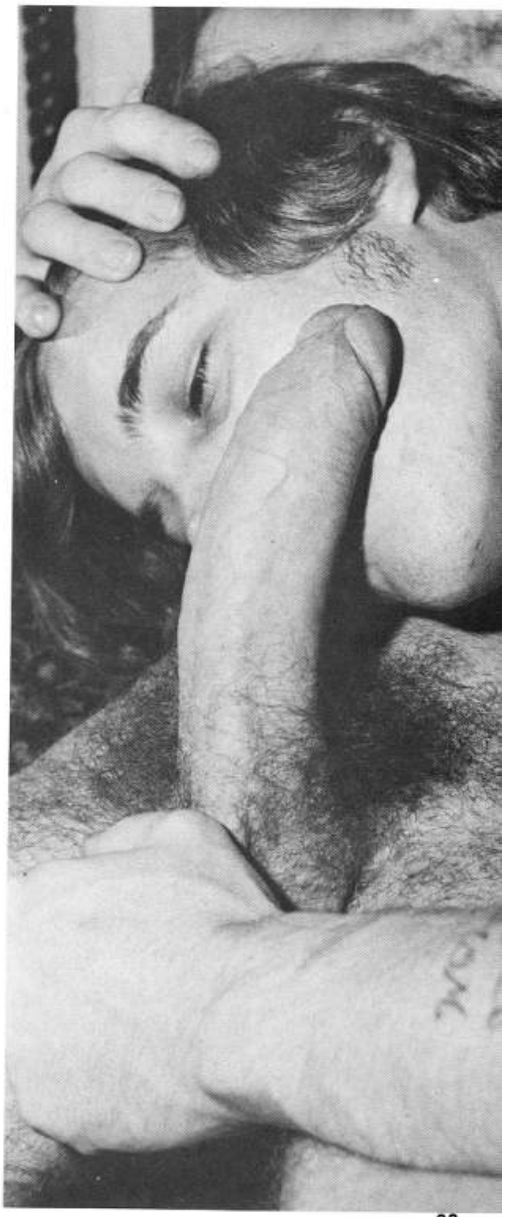
They stared at each other for a second or two as tears welled up in Douglas' eyes. He opened the car door and ran, without realizing where he was going or what he was doing. Before he knew it, Douglas found himself on a plane heading for Los Angeles.

Now, as he looked in the mirror to inspect his shaven face, Douglas could not believe that those heart-shattering events happened a full year ago. It seemed as if they occurred a lifetime ago. Neither his parents nor Mr. Hiller had heard from him since that night. And he was not about to contact them now.

Douglas dressed himself and walked to work. He had talked himself into a position as a short order cook in a Los Angeles restaurant. It didn't exactly support him in the manner to which he had become accustomed, but he was surviving. Except for the rush hour crowds during breakfast and lunch, business was on the slow side. Douglas welcomed the lack of frenzy. His body required rest after what he'd been through in his sleep. Although he could still not put his finger on the dream, he kept trying.

As he cleaned the countertop with his dishrag, Douglas happened to look up at the clock, which told him there was only an hour of work left to go until he could rest and begin the same tedious routine all over again. But his eyes caught something else as well; something much more important than the time. He saw a customer, a guy, dressed in a black leather jacket, walk in and sit down. There was something frightening about him, Douglas thought to himself. It wasn't frightening in the sense that he threatened physical harm. It was frightening for reasons quite to the contrary.

For the very first time since he'd thought about Mr. Hiller, be-



fore that night at the airport, Douglas began to feel the effects of sexual suffocation. He realized, on an intellectual level, that no one could possibly just walk into a room and create a physical magnetism to the point where it would manifest itself so obviously.

It had to be in his own head, Douglas reasoned. There had to be some explanation other than what appeared to be the obvious. No one in the world could enter a room and simply capture his emotions, even Hiller couldn't have done it without fantasizing a sexual affair with him for weeks and months previous to their meeting. Yet it was happening. The perspiration on his brow dripped to the counter. The moistness of his palms once again grew into pools of anxiety. They looked deeply into each other's eyes as if they had known each other intimately for years

The guy was almost smiling. Douglas was too frightened to form any kind of expression on his face.

"Coffee, please," said the new voice in a deep, rich tone.

Douglas turned his back and began to reach for an empty cup. He took a deep breath to try to calm himself down, to try to reason out in his mind what he was going through and why and to try to stop his body from beating out of control.

The clicking of the full coffee cup against the dish underneath gave his nervousness away, Douglas was sure, but the guy didn't take his eyes away from his own to see any coffee spill into the saucer.

Douglas' paranoia grew to the point where he thought everything he did was noticeable. He even suspected that his heart could be heard as it pounded loudly against his ribcage.

"You're sweating like crazy," said the stranger. "It's not that hot in here, is it?"

"When you work over a stove all day long," Douglas countered, trying not to give himself away, "you can't help but get hot."

"Oh," the customer said in a disappointed tone. "I had hoped it wasn't just the hard work and the stove you were sweating from."

"What's that supposed to mean?" Douglas asked, hoping against hope that the chemistry between them was mutual.

The fellow didn't say anything. Instead, he stood to his feet as if to challenge a fight. Douglas did not understand what he was doing until he looked between his legs and saw a growing bulge.

Dumbfounded by the sight of his eager joint, Douglas did not hear him ask a question. He had to repeat it. Still, Douglas did not listen.

"Excuse me," said the customer. "Could you please tell me where the bathroom is?"

"What? Oh, yes. The bathroom. It's over there to the left."

The stranger smiled suggestively and slowly walked toward the john. Douglas instinctively began to wipe the counter when the uncontrollable urge to join the bulging fellow in black came over him. He dropped his rag and followed him into the tiny cubicle.

"What's your name?" Douglas asked as he stood behind him and watched him aim his yellow bladder fluid into the urinal.

"It's tattooed on my cock," he replied. "Would you care to see for yourself?"

He was not quite finished pissing when he turned to allow a full view of his flesh bone. His tool was hard and thick. Very thick. The skin around the thing was stretched to make way for the bone underneath.

As if his cock was a delicate gem which was being displayed for

a potential buyer, he wrapped it in his palm and showed it off for Douglas' eager eyes. Then he reached toward Douglas and brought him into his embrace. Their lips met and opened to make way for the blending of their tongues.

They parted just long enough for Douglas to study the eyes of his lover. He was afraid that he was unworthy, that the person connected to the magnificent specimen he was fondling would reject him as he was rejected a year ago in a similar situation.

Again, they embraced and pressed their moist lips against one another. Douglas' fingers reached below and found his lover's hardened, pulsating cock. But again, the fear of rejection swept through his shaking body.

"What's the matter?" asked the eager newcomer. "I haven't stepped out of line or anything, have I?"

"No," Douglas confided. "It's not you. It's me. You make me afraid. You remind me of something that happened a while back. I can't. I can't go through with this. Anyway, my boss will be coming back before I close up. I have to go."

Douglas marched out of the bathroom and manufactured work for himself at the counter to soothe his clouded mind. A moment later, his lover slowly opened the bathroom door and walked toward him.

"Listen," he told Douglas, "I know what's going on in your head. I don't know what happened to you before to condition you to reject something you want, but I'll try to help you if you'll let me. I'm not exaggerating our feeling for each other, am I? It's been very obvious to me from the first time I walked in. Tell me if I'm wrong."

"You know you're not wrong about that," Douglas assured. "But this is all too confusing. I know I'm paranoid about rejection and I know exactly what it's from, but what I don't know is whether or not I can do anything about it."

"When do you get off?"

"Another forty minutes or so."

"I'll be waiting outside for you," he said as he turned around and opened the door to leave.

Confusion raced through Douglas' mind. Unable to think of anything else to say, he muttered, "Wait. I don't even know your name."

"Kurt," said the husky voice. "My name is Kurt."

"My name is. . . ."

"Douglas," interrupted Kurt before walking out the door.

The next forty minutes went very slowly. Douglas' mind could barely comprehend what had taken place. He wanted to know too many answers for the amount of information he could provide. For one thing, the fact that Kurt knew his name confused him and troubled him. It led him to believe that their meeting was not coincidental. But if Kurt planned it, if he wanted to meet Douglas, why did he pick this time and this place? And why did he want to meet him? How did he find out about Douglas in the first place – from whom?

The minutes dragged on as these unanswered questions wrenched away at Douglas' sensitive stomach. He could actually feel the physical sensation of paranoia in his gut. Above all, Douglas was determined not to be hurt as he was hurt a year before.

Finally, at closing time, Kurt had still not appeared. But Douglas did not want to wait around even an extra minute, for that would be making himself too vulnerable to more agonizing disappointments and frustrations. He realized it was wrong and immature, but he could not help himself.

Then he looked up and saw Kurt waiting outside in his car. Douglas felt his heart strike its noisy beat. He couldn't hold back his smile, which was returned by this mysterious Kurt.

Immediately, he put his things away and walked toward the door and locked it. As he got into the car, his teary eyes looked at Kurt and they embraced as if they hadn't seen each other in years. Their lips reintroduced their souls and their tongues rekindled the fire of less than an hour before.

"Let's go to my place," Kurt suggested. "Another kiss like this and we'll be doing it right here in the street."

They drove for a few minutes before Douglas asked, "You knew my name without my telling you, but how?"

"I can't tell you now. I want to wait until later. Will you trust me until later?"

Douglas could not deny this direct request for trust, though his insides began to eat away from a strange premonition. Yet it was not difficult for him to concentrate on another sensation, for the stirring between his legs at the very sight of Kurt was growing more feverish by the second. He did not realize that Kurt was experiencing an identical sensation.

As they entered the apartment door, neither Kurt nor Douglas bothered to say anything. Words would have been superfluous compared to the language their groins were shouting. They studied each other's crotches and walked into one another's outstretched arms.

Kurt's tongue pressed flatly against Douglas' tender, pursed lips and saturated his entire mouth in a solution of moist warmth. Douglas felt his neck and earlobes being similarly smothered by his lover's anxious sliver of passion.

His already rock-hard penis convulsed at the very touch of Kurt's feelers. Impatiently, he loosened his belt and unzipped his fly, allowing his pants and shorts to drop to the floor. His love tentacle sprang from its inhibited position and flaunted itself ceremoniously to the precise rhythm of his heartbeat.

"More," he begged, as Kurt cupped his hands to enable his balls to dangle in his grasp. "Please don't stop. More, please, more."

Kurt responded by pressing his lover against the living-room wall and lowering his body to where he could comfortably suck the wildly evasive cock before him. It entered his mouth easily once he hugged it with his juicy lips.

Douglas humped in and out of Kurt's ticklish bullseye, jamming the tip of his tool against the rear of Kurt's throat. His loose sack crashed lovingly into Kurt's chin until he pulled himself out of the joy-vise and flopped his balls inside. There, they revolved around his lover's gums playfully, sending continued shocks of thrill sensations into his groin.

Douglas was eager to feel the stiffness of cock between his lips and he sank to the dining-room floor to find Kurt's impetuous rod. They sixty-nined until their peckers were raw and leathery, forcing themselves away from each other when the urge to release their appreciation became too close.

"Let's go into the shower," Kurt suggested in a hoarse whisper. "I want to suds off your prick."

With not another word spoken, they hurried off toward the shower and ran the hot water to make a smoother transition for their already hot bodies. Kurt reached for the soap and lathered his lover's cock until it was hidden beneath a thick layer of white suds. His fingers slid easily along the foamy surface of Douglas' steaming penis. He felt the loosely hanging skin of Douglas' scrotum tighten and wrinkle from the wetness of the shower.

They embraced amidst the hot flow of water and pecker met pecker. As if to make these wisps of touch more lasting, Kurt gripped his own and Douglas' tool between the fingers of the same clenched hand and they jerked into each other as their lips met once again.

Douglas could barely control himself any longer. His entire being was being dictated to by his groin. The last time this had happened, he turned out to be the loser of the year, but this time he was already a winner. Even if nothing else came of his relationship with Kurt, at this precise moment, it didn't matter. He was living for now, not planning for the future. The future would take care of itself. Right now, his cock was all that mattered.

Kurt turned off the water without warning and took Douglas by the hand into the bedroom. Their bodies were still soaking when they got into bed and pressed themselves against each other.

As Douglas took the offensive and turned Kurt's body away from him, he jammed his aching tool into the crack of his rear cheeks. Kurt felt his body being filled with a thick, muscular piece of meat. The water from the shower enabled Douglas' stiff tool to penetrate relatively easily. As he pumped his body in and out of Kurt's ass, Douglas reached for his lover's cock and allowed it to jerk loosely in his hand.

Almost simultaneously, the volcanic eruptions which had been impatiently waiting to explode, crashed through their systems against each other. Douglas felt the hot lava of Kurt's body pour into the palm of his hand; Kurt, with his eyes closed to make this dream more realistic, was treated to the sensation of continued spurts of heat roaring far into his rear end.

Their stiffened bodies collapsed against one another as they tried to catch their wind.

It was ten or fifteen minutes before either of them talked. Finally, Douglas remembered what now seemed to be an insignificant question: "How did you know my name?"

Kurt took a deep breath before answering. He turned himself to look into Douglas' eyes and said, "I'm a detective, Douglas. I've been following you for three months and reporting back to Warren Hiller."

Tears began to form in Douglas' eyes and the feeling of paranoia once again began to grip his stomach. "And this is all part of the job? Are you getting paid for balling me in addition to sending back information?"

"No," Kurt explained. "I quit a week ago. I knew I was in love with you then. And I wasn't about to be paid for sending my competition information about you."

"What do you mean by competition?"

"This guy Hiller, that's who I mean. He loves you. He has for a couple of years now. But he couldn't risk making it with you because he was afraid of losing his business. You see, he and his partner have been making it for years and his partner's supposed to be insanely jealous."

MAKING IT BIG

I came to Hollywood with enough money to last a month. I figured that should be enough time to get started on being a movie star. Granddaddy always told me that if you do your best at anything, you can't help but succeed. And as anybody who knows me could tell you, I always do my best at everything I do.

The first week I made the rounds of every movie studio I could find. Half of the ones I'd heard of were out of business, and the others wouldn't give me a chance.

I told them I wanted to be a star, but I was willing to work my way up the hard way. I'd start in the lowest position, even pushing a broom or shoveling horseshit, but they said they had enough horseshitters already on the payroll, or some other smartass remarks like that.

I told them I could sing and dance and swing through trees like Tarzan. They said I should make some chimp very happy.

I was sitting in this soda fountain trying to keep my spirits from drooping, when the guy next to me left, forgetting his newspaper. It was open to the want-ad pages and I wondered why I had never thought of that before.

Of course the studios wouldn't take just anybody off the streets. They'd probably advertise so they'd only be bothered with talented people. I picked up the paper and ran down the columns.

Boy! Most of those ads must have been for highly technical positions. It was full of scientific symbols like S&M, w/end., Gr. pass.

On the first two pages, only one came close. They wanted a "Fr. act." I guessed they meant French actor. At first I thought of faking it, but I really don't parleyvoo enough to fool a French-fried potato.

About halfway down the third page I found it! It was the only ad that was written in plain old simple English that nobody could make mistakes about. There were no codes or double meanings here. It said:

OVERNIGHT STARDOM

Wanted:—young man willing to start on the bottom. *If you have what it takes to make it* big, *we'll bring it out of you.*

Just then a young man accidentally grabbed my leg as he sat down next to me. After I apologized for being in his way, I asked him if he knew where this address on Selma Avenue was. He offered to drive me there, but seeing as how it was only one block away, I declined his polite offer. I guess I am something of a health nut, and I figured a brisk walk would tone my complexion up and maybe they'd figure they could save money on makeup.

There was a small sign on the mailbox next to the door that said "Honeysuck Productions." I opened the door and saw a good-looking young man behind a desk. I wanted to impress him with my eagerness before he might tell me I'm not the right type. I'd been reading movie mags since I was a pup, so I knew how to talk Hollywoodese.

"Mr. Honeysuck! I'm your overnight star material! I'm willing to start on the bottom, with my aspirations spread open wide. I'll be the fastest-rising star you ever handled and the biggest you ever had. I'm eager and cooperative and you can make me any way you want!"

He seemed quite taken aback, so I put forward my hand and said, "Allen Rambeau here, sir, answering your ad."

He stood up and shook my hand.

"Uh—just call me Tim." And he sat down again.

"Uh . . . so you're anxious to get into films, eh? Willing to do anything to become a star?"

"Yessir . . . I mean, yes, Tim. I wanted to be a star since I was a pup. That's why I taught myself to sing and dance and I can swing through trees like Tarzan."

"Well, you're very lucky. We're just about to make the musical version of Tarzan. Uh . . . would you mind showing me how you look without clothes?"

"Not at all, sir . . . Tim. Ain't nothing on me I'm shamed of. I'm a healthy, All-American boy. Or the boy-next-door as we say in show biz."

He came around to the front of

the desk and felt my bicep. I cheated a little and pumped it up a bit.

He seemed impressed. He told me to take off my shirt. He felt my bicep again, and my pectorals and just about all my muscles from the waist up.

He was sorta humming, going, "Mmmm! Ummm-ummm! Hmmm, hmmmmmmm!"

Then he said, "We're using the original loincloth in this picture, and it's stretched way out of shape. It's going to take a helluva lotta stuffing to keep it from being baggy. Let's see if you can come close to filling it."

And he reached for my crotch. My peter started growing immediately to show Tim I wasn't gonna hafta wear a falsie. I already knew I had to wear the biggest size jockstrap so I guessed nobody else's loincloth was gonna be too big for me.

He was spending so much time screentesting my peter, and humming even louder than before, that I felt kinda awkward. I didn't know what to do with my hands.

So I figured I'd take the opportunity to show him what a good actor I was.

I threw my arms around his shoulders and said, "Gwendolyn, I love you!" and I kissed him.

I just meant to peck him on the chest but he turned his head and I landed squarely on his mouth.

I was about to pull away when he pulled me close against him and opened his mouth and French kissed me. If he wanted to find out how good a lover I could act, I wasn't going to disappoint him. I hadn't done much kissing of any kind before but I'm a quick-study. Whatever he did with his lips and tongue, I did back, only more so.

I was hoping my acting performance wasn't being spoiled by my worrying about my new pants. You see, my peter has ripped the zippers out of many of my pants in the past. When it starts growing, I have to duck into some private place and pull it out and beat it off so it will behave for a while. In emergencies, when I can't find a place to hide, I grab a newspaper and spread it on my lap while I let the cool air gradually soften it—but that always takes a long, long time.

So I was relieved when I realized Tim must have been reading my mind. He unzipped my pants and took my peter out. When he started beating it off, I was afraid it meant he was in a hurry to finish the interview, but then he knelt down and looked at it real close up as if he was wondering if it was photogenic or not, in case it slipped out of the loincloth.

Then it dawned on me. They never show peters in movies, maybe he made these X-rated pictures I'd heard about.

We never had any in our small town, but I'd heard they were filled with "permissiveness," whatever that was. Maybe they were filled with peters too!

I told Tim that I'd be much too embarrassed to ever take my clothes off in front of a lady, but he assured me that there would be only fellas in the picture so I wouldn't hafta worry.

Then he said something that really made me happy. He told me that I didn't lie, I was going to be the biggest star he ever had.

Then he kissed me! But this time I couldn't kiss him back because he was kissing the head of my peter.

He said, "The next few things that happen to you may seem strange, but be sure to cooperate fully, because it's my magic formula for stardom. Here goes!"

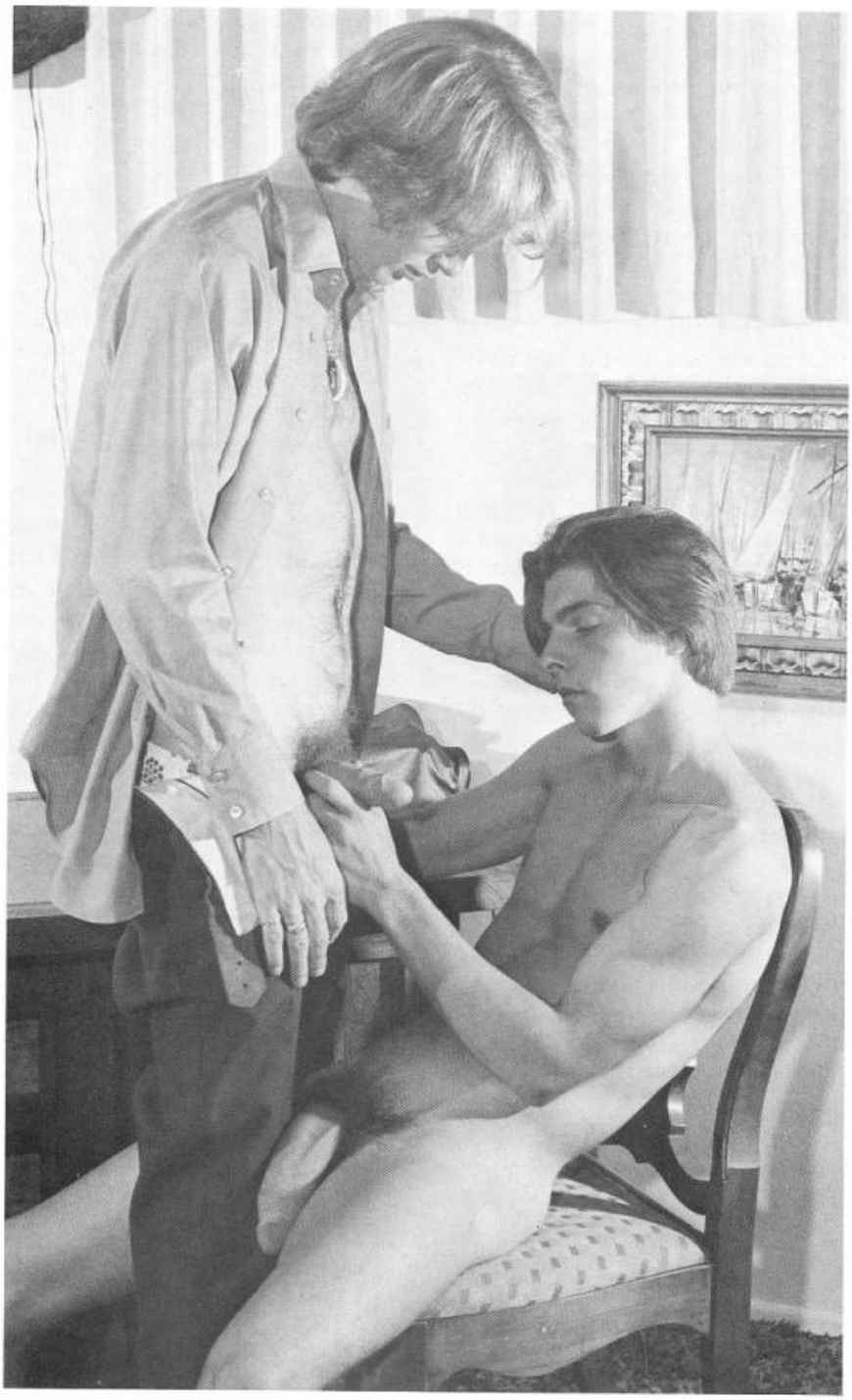
And he put my whole peter in his mouth. I wanted stardom so bad I'd have cooperated if he burned me with a branding iron, but what he was doing felt so good I wouldn't have stopped him if he told me to.

He slid his lips up to the tip of the head and then all the way down again until they disappeared into my bush of hair. He kept doing that over and over again until I was ready to shoot my load.

I warned him of what was about to happen so he took his mouth off my peter and began nibbling the sides of it as if he was eating an ear of corn.

He told me to sit on the desk and spread my legs. He started licking my nipples and my whole chest as his hand tickled my balls. He ran his fingers down to the crack of my ass until they touched my asshole. I was a little sweaty down there by now, so one of the fingers slid right into the hole. It felt strange as some great shivers went through me. I'd never felt anything go *into* my ass before, but I was sure this was not going to be the last time.

I spread my legs even farther apart and he took the hint and went all the way in. It made my cock stand stiffer and it was waving in the air. He made a flying



tackle with his mouth and caught it in midair. He plunged all the way down on it again and again.

Tim pulled back. He threw off his shirt and laid down on the top of the desk.

He said, "I love what you were doing to my balls. You can reach them easier this way."

He pulled his cock up out of the way and I had a field day with his balls. I kept letting them in and out of my mouth, never stopping licking them. I lifted them with my tongue and wore them like a moustache.

I guess my breathing on them triggered Tim off because he yelled, "Come up and take my cock! I'm getting close!"

I stood up to get better leverage and ran my mouth up and down as fast as I could go. I was beating my own meat when Tim told me to drop it. He told me to move around the desk so he could suck on me again.

I felt bad about interrupting him before he came, but when I was in position I saw that I could climb up on the desk and suck him off at the same time. Was that ever fun—givin' and gettin' at the same time.

Only Tim beat me to the punch. He was pouring gallons of cum down my throat, while my load was still building up. I guess I was slower because I'd just shot a few minutes before.

When he stopped throbbing he said, "Turn around and fuck my face!"

So I squatted over his chest and shoved my peter into his mouth, real hard. I pulled all the way back till only the tip was between his lips and then rammed forward again. And again. And again. That's all it took. Load number two was as big as load number one and some of it squirted out all over his face.

Tim sat up and said, "Get dressed fast. We're going to my house for a rehearsal."

I was beaming. I guessed I got the part.

As soon as we reached Tim's home he said, "Get undressed fast. We may have to run through this several times."

I didn't see any cameras or equipment around so I figured the actual shooting must be in a studio somewhere.

I was behind a sofa when Tim jumped on the seat and turned around to suck my peter again. He told me to climb over him slowly until we were in the sixty-nine position. I told him I didn't know

what that meant, and he said, "If *you* don't know what a sixty-nine is, *nobody* does." Then he explained that it was what we had both done together. Gee, I felt smart. I knew more things than I knew I knew.

Tim kept pushing me farther and farther forward, until he had my peter bent so far between my legs that I was afraid it would break off. Then he let it pop out of his mouth. I felt disappointed until I felt his breath and then his tongue on my balls. He sucked one into his mouth and chased it all over the inside with his tongue. Then he sucked in the other one. He was twisting them around each other and I started laughing again. I was wondering, if I had three balls would he try to braid them?

He let the balls out very slowly but his tongue kept contact. It ran up to the crack of my ass, which, in this position, was spread wide open. I kept trying to squeeze my cheeks together to trap that delicious feeling tongue and hold it there forever.

But it kept going higher until it touched my asshole. I thought he must have his eyes closed and didn't realize how far he wandered, but he knew what he was doing, because that tongue was going round and round my hole. I felt it pushing at the opening and force its way in. I knew a tongue wasn't very long but it felt as if it was as long as the finger Tim had pushed into it earlier. But oh, a thousand times better. I thought I'd died and gone to heaven.

Then it disappeared. Tim squirmed out from under me and told me to lean on the back of the sofa. He knelt behind me and grabbed my peter as he put his tongue back up in my asshole. He pumped his tongue in and out and soon my hips and asshole were matching his rhythm.

"It looks like you're ready now," he said, standing up behind me. He leaned in closer and I felt something as warm and wet as his tongue, but much bigger, resting against my hole.

When both of his hands were on my hips, I guessed what that was pushing on my back door. I started laughing again. It was such a clever idea, why hadn't I thought of it before?

The finger and tongue had felt so good, I was anxious to get that peter into me as fast as possible. I shoved back hard. For a moment I couldn't breathe, the wind was knocked out of me. I got a bit dizzy too. I was thankful Tim didn't move for a while, until I got accustomed to that battering ram.

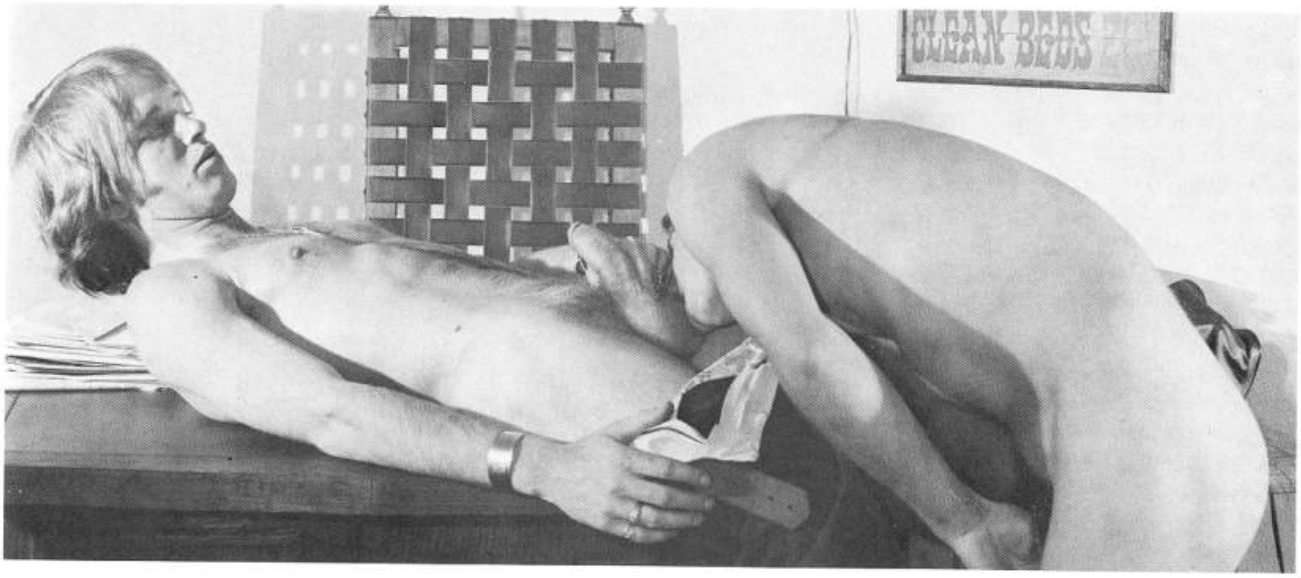
It sure was a helluva lot different than a dinky finger or tongue. Then I started laughing again. It looks like I bit off more than I can chew.

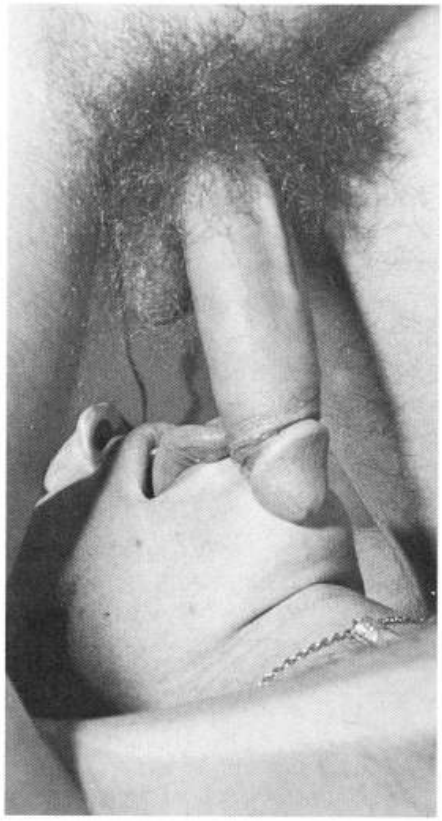
But after the room stopped turning and I started breathing again, my asshole began clenching again. It wanted more! My hips started hunching again and Tim got the message. He slowly pushed it in all the way. I felt his hair in the crack of my ass, and his balls were banging against mine. He slowly pulled out and then came back a little faster. He went faster with each stroke until he felt like a jackhammer. If I thought I was in heaven before, I couldn't imagine anything as wonderful as this. I didn't take it lying down. The two of us jumped around so much we almost fell off the sofa. He screamed when he came and gave me a couple of extra hard humps. He was about to give me the granddaddy of all humps when his peter slipped out and shot all over my back and legs.

Then he collapsed on me.

I twisted around until I was lying on top of him and we stayed there kissing for quite a while.

Then I was anxious to try out all these new tricks on Tim. He must have been just as anxious, because when I got down between





his legs, he lifted them and spread them so I had a clear path to his asshole.

I skipped the preliminaries and stuck my tongue as far into the hole as possible. His ass muscles were trying to catch my tongue and I knew he was enjoying it as much as I had. But I was getting ready to shoot so I jumped up and positioned my peter at his hole and was about to shove hard, when I remembered how I had felt when I took it too fast, so I slowed down and eased it in gently. Then I stopped for a second until Tim showed signs of wanting me to continue. I didn't have to wait long. His hips started rotating and pushing into me. I started ramming fast because I was on the verge. A few more strokes and I was over the top. I had Tim bent double and I almost broke him in half when I gave those final strokes. I was afraid he'd be mad at me for being so rough.

But he stopped my apology for one of his own. He confessed that he wasn't Mr. Honeysuck, or whatever the name of the producer was. He was applying for the same job I was. The secretary told him the boss was out, but he could wait if he wanted to. Then she excused herself and went out for lunch.

He tried to explain it to me, but I hit him with my spiel and didn't give him a chance to get a word in edgewise. He said that by the time I finished talking, he was so hot for me that he played along.

After the shock wore off, I started laughing again. I said, "I guess I'll just have to go through all this again with Mr. Honeysuck."

Tim said we both may have to, he was going with me.

We went in together and after only a few minutes' interview we were *both* hired.

If there's anything better than being a star overnight, it's being a *co*-star overnight—when your co-star is Tim!

MEAT MARKET

Corky sat in one of the center booths in the men's room of the Greyhound Bus Station in Hollywood on Vine Street below Sunset Boulevard. There were four cubicles and all had peek holes between them and all four were occupied. Two were taken by old queens that Corky had seen around quite a bit but there was one cute trick next to him on the right side. He hadn't shown anything yet—his pants were still only down to mid-thigh but Corky could tell by the movement of his hand in his crotch that he was playing with his cock. Come on, boy—let's see that thing!

Corky was a much better than average looking blond with a long, sleek body and a nice handful of prick—at least measuring eight and a quarter inches. He had a spectacular ass but didn't enjoy being fucked as much as sucking and being sucked. After several love affairs which ended in disaster, Corky had decided to play the field and soon became acquainted with certain busy toilets and parks in the Los Angeles area where a guy could get a fast blow job or at least make arrangements to meet someone at his or their apartment for a more leisurely sex happening.

The Greyhound Bus Station was a bit more dangerous but Corky figured that if he didn't approach anyone until they tipped their own hand, he was fairly safe from the vice goon squad. The bus terminal men's room was set up fairly well—anyone who came in was easily heard and they had a short distance to walk before they could check on who was in the booths.

Corky waited for a while, watching through the small hole to see if the guy was going to make the first move. Still, nothing happened. Over the speaker setup, Corky heard about the arrival of a bus from downtown Los Angeles. Well—he'd give it ten minutes—but if the old queen on his left didn't move and if the cutie on his right wouldn't show anything, he was really wasting his time. Anytime a bus was announced arriving, it always meant that there would be at least four or five of the travelers who would visit the john. From his vantage point in the center booth, Corky was sure to see one or two exposed joints and that at least made the wait worthwhile. Fantasy was just as much a part of this game as the actual affair.

Two or three guys came in to take a leak and obviously weren't aware of toilet hi-jinks. The cutie on his right was glued to his hole looking out over the urinals but upon checking his crotch, Corky noticed that he was still hiding his equipment.

The outside door opened again and Corky caught his breath. A sensational, young, dark-haired Marine came in, checked over the guys in there already, walked slowly up to a urinal, hauled out his cock and looked over his shoulder at the closed booth doors with hunger and apprehension in his eyes.

"Oh, wow!" Corky thought, "a rare beauty—a Marine—and the way he's pulling on that tool, he's looking for sex!"

The Marine turned a little sideways and Corky got a look at his joint. Sensational! It looked like it was about six inches soft and promised to be eight or nine inches hard. There! It was starting to lift now! Corky noticed that he wasn't circumcised and even though he was himself, he had always loved that extra piece of skin. Especially on Marines!

One of the guys standing next to the Marine seemed interested but didn't have much to show. The serviceman ignored him and played to the closed booths. The guy put away his nothing rod in a mild huff and left. The Marine's

prick was now more than half hard and Corky swallowed to lubricate his dry throat. God! Would he ever like to suck that beautiful thing!

"Maybe I'd better let him see what I look like before someone else runs off with him!" Corky thought. He made sure that his pants were down around his ankles and his shirt was pulled up to his nipples, then quietly opened the door a little way, just far enough for the handsome lad to see him naked with a hard-on. The Marine reacted with a pleased start and jacked on his cock frantically.

The three guys in the other booths were obviously looking at the young stud, too, and Corky thought, "Well—there's no way I can sit in a booth next to him so I'd better haul ass out of here and try to connect with him outside."

He hastily pulled up his pants and pulled down his shirt, forced his aching prick into the left leg of his pants and waited a few seconds for it to limber up a little. He flushed the toilet to complete the illusion, then slowly walked past the Marine, giving him a look up and down and resting his glance on his beautiful, hard dick. Yep! Eight or nine, at least! He looked boldly into the sexy guy's soft, brown eyes and said, "Hi!"

The Marine repeated a throaty "Hi" and began to stuff his hard-on back into his pants. A pointed, unsaid something passed between them, then Corky walked out of the men's room on shaky legs, out of the bus station and waited.

After an interminable wait of at least two minutes, the Marine walked out of the station lobby and approached Corky. "Hi, again," he said tentatively, "can I get some directions from you?"

"You bet you can, Gyrene, where do you want to go?"

"Well—I guess I'm looking for the USO or the YMCA—or something," he added weakly.

"Well—the Y is up on Selma—the USO is on the boulevard—are you sure that you want to go there?"

"Got any suggestions?"

"You know—I just *might* have!"

"Gee—I don't know anyone here in Hollywood and it *would* be nice to—oh, I don't know—just have someone to go to a movie with, or. . . ."

"Miss your girl friend, huh?"

"Yeah—well, I mean . . . oh, shit! I don't even *have* a girl friend!"

"What about a *boy* friend, then?"

"Yeah—well, I've always run around with guys—and you know. . . ."

"I'm pretty sure I do. . . . Can I ask you a rather bold question?"

"Sure—I guess so—what?"

"Have you ever played around with your boy friends?"

"You mean. . . ."

"Yeah—their dicks—now I've said it—you mad?"

"Fuck, no—yeah, I've played around."

"I thought so."

"Why?"

"Because you were sure shaking it at me in the john!"

". . . Yeah . . . I guess I was."

"D'you want to have sex with me?"

"Well . . . to tell you the truth—I'm *always* hot!"

"What d'you like to do?"

Blushing furiously, the Marine gulped and answered, "Oh—I don't know—just—you know—kinda play around."

Corky smiled and said, "Tell me your name, boot."

The Marine grinned and said, "Skee—Kowalsky—what's yours?"

"Corky—Corky Hale—and you and me are gonna have some fun!"

"Corky—I'm not used to—well, gosh—I don't know how to say it—but—well, I like you and. . . ."

"Have you ever had your prick sucked, Skee?"

"Yeah," Skee mumbled, his eyes downcast.

"Did you like it?"

"Sure! What the fuck d'ya think I am? Stupid or something?"

"Don't get mad, Skee—I'd just sorta like to know what pleases you. D'you want me to suck you off?"

Skee looked up, his eyes brilliant and said softly, "Yeah—now let's not talk about it anymore—it makes me feel funny—talking about it like we were a couple of

queens or something. . . ."

"D'you want to go to my apartment now or. . . ."

"Yeah—I'd like that—especially when I'm about ready to flood these 'greens' . . . Corky, I'm so hot, I'm gonna shoot right down my leg!"

"Save it, big boy—if you waste it, you'll spill all the romance out of this!"

Corky led Skee to the parking lot behind the bus station to his Mustang—not new, but still a going little rod.

"Hey, man," Skee said, "wheels and everything! Let's go!"

When they got to the apartment, Corky had plans to get Skee into the bedroom first, but Skee said, "Jeez! This uniform is really uncomfortable—can I take my jacket off?"

"Yes—and your tie—and your shirt—and your T-shirt—and your pants—and your shoes and socks—and your. . . ."

"I think I get the idea . . . c'mere, Corky."

Corky sat down beside him on the couch and Skee pulled him roughly to him. Corky got the surprise of his life as Skee sank his tongue into his mouth to its limit. His hand reached eagerly for Corky's crotch which was already blazing with anticipation. Corky worked hard at removing Skee's shirt and T-shirt and bared Skee's unbelievably beautiful upper body. His pectorals were smoothly swelling, hairless, square and highly placed on his chest, shelving out over his exciting, washboarded abdominals. The guy was absolutely gorgeous!

Corky had seen Skee's prick out of his pants but now it was asserting itself to its utmost. The translucent foreskin, collared around the base of his flaring corona made Corky's mouth water as the phenomenal tower jutted out and away from the open fly in Skee's Marine issue skivvies. He was a bit surprised to find that Skee was as cock-minded as he was. Like most other inverts, he expected every Marine to be rough and more trade than anything else, but obviously Skee wanted his cock just as much as Corky wanted his because Skee's hand frantically searched out Corky's roaring hard-on and latched on possessively.

"Stand up!" Skee commanded huskily.

Corky stood up and Skee pulled his pants down around his thighs. He kissed each of Corky's balls

and then, starting at the gigantic, throbbing crest, kissed and licked the full length of Corky's prick until his nose and lips were buried in the neat, crisp triangle of blond, pubic curls surrounding the gargantuan base nestled there.

"You really dig me!" Corky gasped.

"You bet I do, baby—I dig you and I want to suck you off!" Skee admitted.

"Let's sixty-nine, then – come into the bedroom!"

"Too far away! Get on your hands and knees over me and let's do it that way the first time!"

"The first time?"

"Sweetheart – I'm all primed to go at least four or five times! I haven't even jacked off for a week!"

Corky placed the snub nose of his beautiful dick between Skee's trembling lips and fucked down as he swallowed Skee's throbbing monster like a circus sword swallower.

Skee pulled his lips away from Corky's plunging weapon and said, "Corky! Corky! I'm gonna have to shoot my first load! I promise that I won't go soft or anything like that, but I've got to let one load loose – okay?"

Corky nodded and Skee let go – a geyser of hot, steaming glue which crashed against Corky's tonsils in anguished relief.

Skee increased his suctioning while Corky drained him, then stopped and asked, "Aren't you going to come, baby?"

"Not yet, Skee – I want to make this last. I'll have to admit that I came twice in the bus station head before you came in – but I'm hot as a pistol and if you're really good for several more – let's make it last! Why don't you plan on staying with me tonight?"

"God! That's a sensational idea! Do you mean it?"

"Of course – let's go out for a sandwich and a walk – then we can come back and do this right! Skee – are you tied up with any other guy?"

"No, Corky – but I might be after today!"

Griffith Park was just a short distance from Corky's apartment so he drove there, wanting to stretch out his time with Skee as much as possible. He could always find sex, but somehow, he wanted more with this sensational, dark-haired Marine stud.

"Could I be falling in love with him?" Corky asked himself as they wandered through the wooded area of Ferndell. The pros and cons of tying himself up to a serviceman crossed and recrossed his brain. It seemed irrelevant that someone as sweet and almost naive like Skee was could be a rough, tough, "gung-ho" Marine but there he was and he was certainly a Marine.

"When did you find out that you dug guys, Skee?" he asked.

Skee smiled disarmingly and answered, "The first time I saw another kid's dick!"

"When was that?"

"When I joined the Cub Scouts – there weren't any kids in my neighborhood where I was born and I was an only child. My folks had me join the Scouts because of that. As it was, they had to drive me ten miles just to go to meetings. I fell madly in love with every boy in the Pack and on our first overnight outing, I got to sleep with a boy who was as horny as I was. He didn't make any bones about it. He taught me how to jack-off the first night (of course, we couldn't come but I sure 'tickled'!) and how to suck the next day; then I found out that every boy in the outfit did it. Oh, man, I couldn't wait for those weekly meetings! All through school, the same bunch of guys had sex together and it was a real thrill when we got old enough to shoot a load. We had the wildest daisy chains in the world and nev-

er got caught once. When we got to be eighteen, we all decided to join the Marines. We never got sissy or any of that shit and decided that only real men went into the Marines–boy! Did we get surprised!"

"Where are your buddies now?"

A cloud of gloom suddenly settled on Skee's brow and he replied softly, "Most of them bought it in Nam. The ones who didn't are still in the hospital. I was the only one who got off without a scratch."

"Gee, I'm sorry, Skee – but I'll be your friend – maybe even your lover!"

Skee brightened and said, "C'mon – let's get that sandwich and go back to your apartment. I want to see you naked again!"

This time, they undressed in the bedroom, their breath coming short as they watched each other. By the time they were naked, they both had roaring hard-ons and they fell on the bed in a wild embrace.

"Can I fuck you, Corky?" Skee whispered, emotion making his voice tremulous.

"You're awfully big, baby," Corky answered, undecided but really wanting it.

"Please, Corky – then you can fuck me!" Skee pleaded.

"Okay – but let me get some grease – and please take it easy – go real slow!"

Corky got some lubricant from the bathroom and after greasing his almost virginal asshole and perineum, lovingly stroking the thick, slippery cream all over Skee's beautiful, throbbing prick. It glistened and shone as Corky manipulated the slick foreskin back and forth across the huge, arrogant crown, capping and uncapping it while Skee writhed in ecstasy.

"C'mon, baby – sit on it – hurry – then you can control how slowly you want it – but do something! I'm ready to fall right out of my fuckin' tree!"

Corky straddled him and placed the giant, snub-nosed crest against his pink, puckered anal ring. Taking a deep breath, he forced down tentatively and finally felt the taut, velvety crown pop through his sphincter muscle. He moaned at the sharp, sudden pain as the hysterical, outraged muscle clamped behind Skee's flaring corona.

"Just relax, babe," Skee crooned, "just stop and get used to it. The pain will leave in a minute or two – then I'm going to fuck your prostate until you climb the walls!"

Corky's panting soon quieted and he said, "Yeah – you're right! It's starting to feel groovy now!"

"Start moving down slowly, baby."

It was all that Skee could do to lie still and not ram his huge, thick weapon home – oh, Christ! That felt so great! Corky had the tightest, most wonderful sheath he'd ever felt – and the little devil was starting to wriggle his ass on the big dick now. Holy shit! This was what Skee really dug! Corky's monstrous cock, which had lost its stiffness when Skee had first penetrated him, began to lift again and as Skee's plum-sized crown rumbled over his prostate, the electrifying sensation caused the handsome warrior to throb in its steeliness. Several crystal drops of pre-seminal fluid oozed out of the pink slit and dripped down onto Skee's rippling, washboarded stomach.

"Oh man! Did you ever!" Corky moaned. "If that happens many more times, I'm gonna shoot all over your belly and chest!"

"Let 'er go, sweetheart! I'll love it – shoot me a big load!"

All of a sudden, Corky was sitting on Skee's hip bones; he had taken the full length of the monster and it felt like it was going to come out of his mouth – but he

loved it! This beautiful Marine had wiped out everyone else in Corky's memory. "Okay, Skee," he mumbled shakily, "I've taken it all and it doesn't hurt anymore. Roll me over on my back and fuck me – I mean *fuck* me – fuck me hard!"

Skee gladly rolled him over without withdrawing and pushed Corky's legs up and Corky hooked them over Skee's impossibly broad shoulders. Skee slowly pulled back until just the gigantic crest remained in Corky's ante-chamber, then with a sensual gasp, plunged into his balls again.

Corky whimpered ecstatically as his swollen prostatic acorn was prodded time after time. Skee's eyes began to glaze and his lower jaw sagged as he long-dicked Corky in a frenzy. The pressure in his boiling balls reached a new height and he knew that he couldn't control the bubbling torrent much longer.

"Are you about ready, baby?" he gasped.

"One or two more, Skee," Corky panted.

Skee suddenly doubled his body like a contortionist and as he sank into his surging nuts again, engulfed Corky's jerking, throbbing pole deep into his mouth. The unexpected thrill made Corky scream and he stiffened and convulsed as he hurled his supercharged load against Skee's tonsils. The violent barrage triggered Skee's puckering string and as he swallowed Corky's geysering gushes, the dam holding his vast spermatic reservoir back disintegrated and a volcanic eruption of churning, white-hot cream sprayed the walls of Corky's sheath with blast furnace intensity. The double thrill of being fucked and sucked at the same time turned Corky into a whimpering, sensual animal and unintelligible endearments poured from his lips.

"Don't ever leave me, Skee – I love you – I love you! I've never been in love before, but I am now!"

Skee plunged in for his last stroke and shuddered deliciously. "No one has ever made me feel this way before, either. I think that the Marines have finally landed!" he murmured fervently, finally happy once again.

COMING MY WAY

Tony knew what he was, knew what he felt, knew what he wanted and knew it without any sense of shame or remorse. Pride in his nature was innate with him. But he remained virginal, almost. He'd been called a cocksucker more than once in the fancy, private military schools where his mother had sent him, and though he knew it was thrown at him as an insult, he also knew that the boys who called him that were themselves doing or being done to, and he knew even more that the time would come when he would himself suck cock with pride and joy – when at last he found the right person.

Three times his fellow cadets had threatened to pull Tony's pants off and fuck him. Tony had turned on his tormentors like a cornered wildcat, and no boy ever tried that on him a second time.

The first time Tony had been fucked was when he was seven years old. His beefy, red-faced, bartender stepfather, his first stepfather that is, had shoved his nine-inch dong up Tony's tender rectum and nearly split the boy open. Two stepfathers later, and after moving from San Marino to West L.A. to Atwater to the Silver Lake hills, as his mother's fortunes waxed and waned as a TV actress, Tony had kept his rear end from further assault. He was not so disturbed by that childhood rape that he never wanted his ass breached again. He simply never again wanted sex performed on him with so little regard for his own feelings.

He knew in his gut, had known at the age of seven, that the intrusion so brutally visited on him could, under the right circumstances, be both exciting and beautiful, just as he knew that cocksucking could be. But it had to be with the right person and with mutual respect. Tony knew that some people could enjoy sex without these prerequisites. He never would.

The childhood rape had left a serious impediment. Tony was too afraid of letting himself open to the wrong person. Not knowing how to recognize his "Mister Right," and being unable to bridge the gap from interest to acquaintance to proposition when he did see someone who seemed right, he was immobilized. He had met four or five boys, and two middle-aged men he knew could be right for him. They made him fidgety with desire, feverish and feeling as if he might explode like an overfilled balloon, but he had no idea how to introduce himself to another guy, to broach his desires–even when he was certain that the desire was mutual. A damned good-looking kid, he'd been cruised often enough, but crudely, and that always frightened him off. He'd never had the luck to meet another gentle, considerate type, who was straightforward and knowledgeable enough to make the opening series of moves.

And so, several times a week for three or four years, he had poured out his desires into the palm of his hand, wondering what it would feel like to do it with someone

else.

* * *

In some ways, Jerry Houston wasn't much better off. His mother'd also had her ups and downs, playing in real life the sort of violated woman Tony's mother generally played on TV. Jerry grew up in an atmosphere where sex was so free and so lacking in feeling that he'd become bored with it, and a little repelled. He had been drawn into drunken orgies before he was ten years old, and his father-of-the-month had rented the boy's ass out more than once at a dollar a throw.

He'd spent his thirteenth year in the Northern Alabama State School for Delinquent Boys. He'd fought hard for six months to preserve his status as a brooding loner, then had permitted himself to become an older boy's punk. He both rejoiced and felt guilty when his protector was stabbed, and a month later, having thereby achieved some status in the school, and an understanding of how vulnerable a loner was, he found a punk of his own, a chubby blond kid on whom he made few demands.

He had to lie about the boys' school and about his age later to get into the paratroopers, and there he found his first lover, an ARVN soldier who was killed by a sniper a week later. Jerry had a breakdown and was discharged, joining his mother in Hollywood just three years ago. There he'd virtually sworn off sex in any form except solitary until he could find something better than the spiritless exercises he had gone through in three weeks working off Selma, when he was picked up mostly by older men, whose hang-ups too often made the act seem dirty.

Passively and with not much optimism, he was waiting for "Mister Right" to come along.

It was Jerry himself that came along. His "Mister Right" was sitting there waiting for him.

. . . and kept on sitting there waiting, heart in throat, for the first dozen times he saw Jerry come along Silverridge Drive. And ten times, Tony watched Jerry pass his house, Jerry too engrossed in his thoughts to see the boy watching him.

* * *

Tony was watering his yard the first time he spotted the slender, pensive, dark-clad youth, still a block away, walking toward Tony's neo-Spanish-style house. His stomach flipped over. He dropped his hose and the forceful water jet dug a hole in the ground which Tony stepped in just afterward, nearly breaking his ankle. It took all afternoon for Tony's blood pressure to get back down to normal, and he beat his meat four times that night, trying desperately to hold in his mind a clear picture of the boy who'd passed. His cockhead was raw the next day. It never occurred to him to wonder why he'd gotten so worked up just seeing a boy walk past his house. Lots of people walked past, but this one. . . .

Two days later he saw the young man again, buried in thought as before, but smiling a smile so open that it knotted Tony's stomach with wanting. He walked slowly down the middle of the street without once looking up. Tony almost shouted at him, something utterly silly like, "Wait

up! I love you!" but he couldn't possibly have uttered the words. He started rubbing between his legs before he'd even gotten in the house, and came before he'd stripped out of his pants.

The next time he saw the stranger stroll past, Tony noticed that he'd passed at the same time each day. After that, Tony was always waiting, cockhard and anxious, sitting on his front stucco wall, three feet from where the other youth passed. He tried to make himself more conspicuous each day.

But he couldn't manage to get the handsome stranger's attention.

Jerry was trying to write a play, his first. He'd had several poems and short stories printed in nonpaying magazines. Recently he'd sold a script to a TV western series, and by chance, Tony's mother had acted in that episode. Now Jerry was spending each day, 9 a.m. to 2, hard at work on his typewriter, after which he went for his afternoon walk, taking the same route each day and letting his ideas run freely before returning to his typewriter for another three-hour stint.

The play was a sort of cross between *Streetcar Named Desire,* "Ralph Cranston" in "The Honeymooners," and "Queen for a Day," and Jerry had just realized how to integrate a gay brother into the play's structure. He was walking on air as the ideas moved. . . .

Even though Tony spent the long hours between Jerry's passings thinking of excuses to start up a conversation, his nerve always failed him, and in a minute maybe, the boy he so desperately wanted would again be down the street and out of sight. At least Tony stopped beating his meat. He wanted to save that. . . .

It was Jerry's careless habit of walking down the middle of the street that finally gave Tony his opening.

"Hey!" he called out one Tuesday, the eleventh time he'd seen Jerry approach, "it's awful risky walking down the middle of these streets. Cars speed by here so fast they'd never see you in time, coming 'round these curves. . . ."

Jerry stopped, startled at being spoken to. He blushed because he'd been so deeply engrossed in his thoughts—had he been talking to himself?—then looked up at Tony and flashed the most open, most beautiful smile Tony had ever seen, at least in this life.

Tony blushed and stammered (he hadn't quite finished his warning speech) and smiled for a moment before he was overcome with embarrassment, and cast his eyes down to his hands.

But his blushing and his momentary smile had telegraphed the full message from his lonely spirit. They almost bridged the gap right then. Their bodies seemed to move each toward the other. But Tony looked down, Jerry became embarrassed, and after almost tripping himself up, Jerry ambled down the street, feverish with stirred-up desire, chagrin at not having said anything to the boy by the wall (he was a block away when he blurted out unheard, "Thanks for warning me.") and a desire to go running back. His gut had translated fully the message from Tony's eyes, though his mind couldn't quite believe it.

Tony wanted to run after him.

He sat on the wall till late that night, was out there early next day. Wednesday, Jerry was so sure he'd made a fool of himself, he directed his afternoon stroll down another street.

Tony had waited until two hours after Jerry usually passed, then he went to bed and cried for the first time in years, hating himself for crying. He was lying on his bed at the time Jerry, unable to stick to his typewriter, had taken a second walk, and paused outside the house for over an hour.

Both avoided the appointed time and place Thursday, but Friday, Tony was waiting, and a few interminable minutes later than the usual time (Jerry had stopped around the corner, finished one cigarette and lit another) Jerry came around the bend of the street, walking unsteadily, trying hard to look natural. Approaching him, he dared not look ahead to see if the other was waiting. At that moment, each was trying to convince himself that it was silly to get so worked up over someone he knew nothing about.

Tony had rehearsed what he would say: "Did I startle you the other day? I didn't mean to. I don't know anybody around here, and I. . . ." Even in his imagination he hadn't figured out how to finish that sentence. But as Jerry approached, still wearing the same flattering all-black outfit, and looking ahead of him only once, Tony's voice froze.

Jerry paused a few feet from him, hands half in his pockets, both of them looking down, but each intensely feeling the other's presence.

Jerry was going to ask casually what the other youth's sign was. Instead, he finally said, "Thanks for warning me the other day. Moms always said I'll get run over someday if I don't come down outa my daydreaming."

"That's OK." And Tony cussed himself. What sense did that comment make?

"I meant to come back right then to thank you, but I got all tongue-tied."

"I guess I still am," Tony said managing a weak laugh.

"I came by the next day. . . ."

"But I sat here for hours, past the time you usually pass!"

"You did? I'd went down another street then. I came back by later."

The look Tony let escape left nothing hidden, nothing at all. It was a frank proposition. It was a confession of being a desperately lonely greenhorn. It was an offer of love on any terms, a begging for lasting and undivided love.

Jerry was shaken. Like the first time. He'd never before seen anyone bare his soul in one unguarded glance. It frightened him. But the glance told him how much this boy on the wall wanted him, and Jerry already knew what *he* wanted. If he'd been skeptical about "true love," romance "and all that bull," he wasn't skeptical now.

"Could we talk some?" he asked, barely able to control his voice, coming close enough almost to lay his hand on the other boy's knee. "I mean, could I come in?"

"Sure. Nobody else's inside."

Their smiles flared up, but they both were still shaky, each unused to letting himself go.

Their hands brushed just inside the door. There was a moment of paralysis. Their cigarettes fell into a flowerpot by the door as each unconsciously cleared the decks for action.

The kiss, the embrace, was a divine accident which neither had planned. They came together like puppets, at least until they were locked in one another's arms. As their heads tilted and their lips merged, their tongues explored deep, their breaths mingled, and Tony pulled Jerry's chest against his own. Jerry's hands locked around Tony's trembling waist, and the muscles which arched up suddenly in each one's pants rubbed together.

"Goddamn!" Jerry gasped when the kiss took its first recess. "Why didn't I come right back the other day?"

"Or why didn't I have nerve

enough to speak up ten days before that, the first time I saw you pass?"

"You mean you'd been watching me go by for that long?"

"More'n ten days really. But I didn't know how to speak up. What do you say to someone you want at first sight, but haven't ever met?"

"Crazy! The day you did speak to me, I'd just decided to go up Westerly Terrace from now on. This is a pleasanter walk, but it ends me up where it's too hard to get back to my pad on Waterloo. Chances are, I wouldn't of come by here again. . . ."

Tony shuddered, wrapped his arms tightly around Jerry's slender torso and returned to the kiss.

Ten minutes later they got around to introductions. Jerry's fingers were playing in the hairs at Tony's open shirt front. They were still standing just inside the front door.

Twenty minutes later, after gimlets and a little playing with Foozy, Tony's dog, Jerry was sitting on the ample living-room couch and Tony stood behind it. Between kisses, Jerry told about his play and his work schedule. They told one another quite a bit more that didn't have to be put in words.

Tony's clothes came off first. Preliminary leakage had made a mess in both their pants. At least, his shirt was pushed up for Tony's first sensation of having his chest kissed, then his pants came down enough for his penis to exit inches from Jerry's nose.

Tony had heard about one guy "blowing" another, and supposed when he felt Jerry's warm breath running the length of his half-hard flesh, that was what the term meant. If Jerry had done nothing more than that, Jerry would have come anyhow, and been in his glory.

Even though his hands were ruffling Jerry's black hair, and without intending it, were pushing Jerry's face toward his groin, Tony was surprised when Jerry's tongue reached out, cool, wet into the groove behind his cockhead. He was beside himself when the head sank suddenly into the damp furnace of Jerry's mouth, when the soft lips closed firmly down.

Dizzy with an excitement beyond anything he'd experienced before, his hands trembled on Jerry's scalp, gripping hard then relaxing. His meat stiffened against Jerry's now-closed teeth, and his balls rolled in their low-dangling sac. Jerry opened and let the head and shaft slide halfway into the warm, wet cavern, Jerry's tongue lashing around the head, drawing the shaft inward, then forcing it out, breathing hard on the wet meat, then letting it slide back in, until Jerry's upturned nose was smothered against Tony's shorts. Out again, scraping some with his teeth, making Tony jerk in his first experience of sharp pain he couldn't distinguish from ecstasy.

Tony was so dizzy he could hardly stand up. Raging rivers seemed to be leaping over great boulders in his body, and stars were exploding, comets rushing about.

Jerry was sucking hard at the cockhead, then let it pop out, the air making the saliva-covered meat feel suddenly cold. It was almost